THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN AFFLICTION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Come near, oh friends, and see if there has been
A grief like this of ours;
While we were looking on the pleasant scene,
A Reaper took our flowers.

A vacancy is made Time ne'er can fill,
And still our eyes grow dim,
Though God the Reaper sent to do His will,
And take our flowers to Him.

These human hearts forever more will yearn,
These human lips will cry
In weariness, oh, might the dead return,
Return and never die!

For clouds and darkness are around our God,
Mysterious was His way,
When more than life we laid beneath the sod,
With those we miss to-day.

As through a glass how darkly do we see,
How weak our faith has grown!
And face to face with Him we long to be,
To know as we are known.

How like a tottering infant ere it stands,
Are we without God's grace;
So, Heavenly Father, take us by the hand,
Through this dark, rugged place.

EMELINE CLARK.

The Haunted House of Arleigh.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOUSE ON THE TOTTENHAM ROAD.

It was on the Tuesday evening of a bright autumn day that had become dull and windy as it wore on towards sunset, that I stood on the broad stone steps of the house on Tottenham Road. Rachael, after a long week of persuasion, had gone with her aunt down to Dover, where some distant relations lived, and I had parted from them courageously to enter on my new duties. Still I think I felt a strange timidity creep over me, and make me tremble as the bell sounded with a distant hollow ring, and I awaited the opening of the door. It was seven long years since I had heard anything harsher than Rachael's kindly voice, and a feeling, not altogether of dread or fear, but a mixture of those and a distrust of my own ability, came upon me as I tried to nerve myself for entering on my new life. The woman I had seen opened the door, after a few minutes, that seemed to me an age.

"Ah," she said, "you are here. Come up stairs, don't wait, Tim will carry up your box."

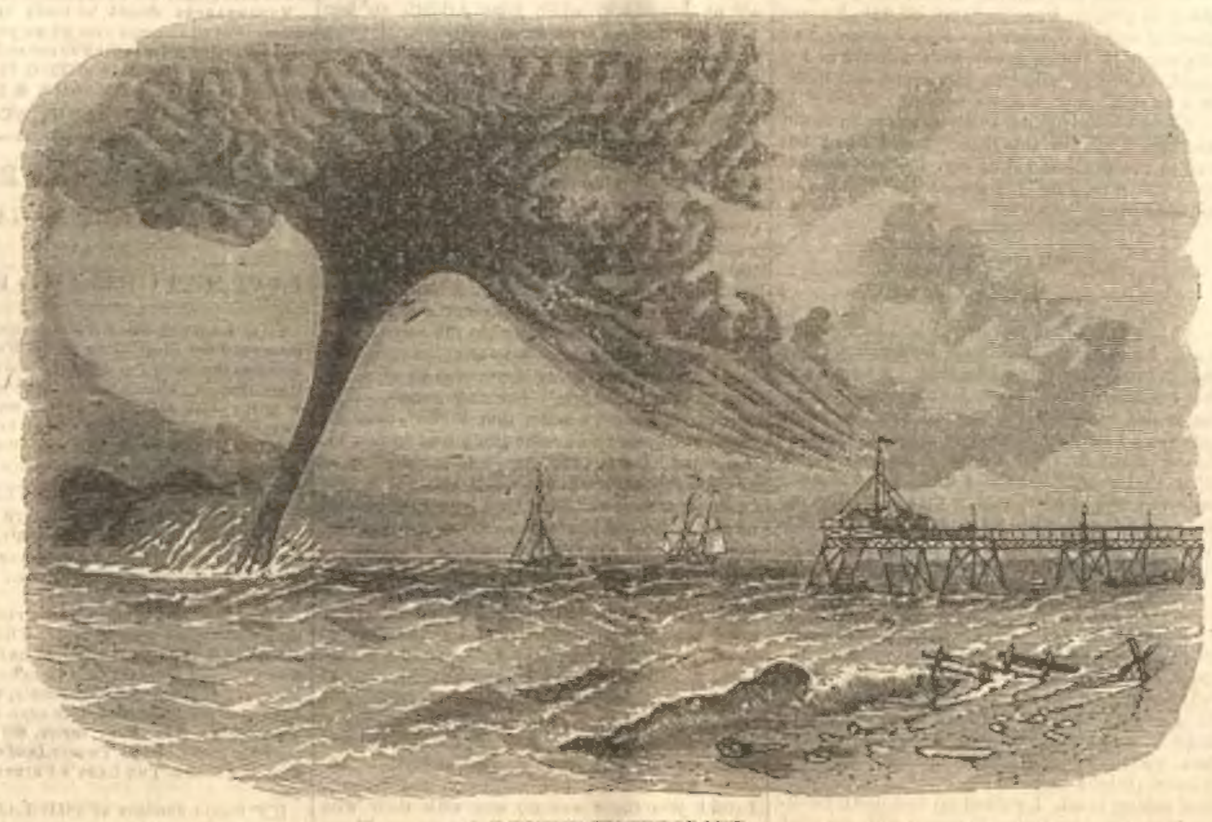
I followed her up a handsome staircase. It was a fine house—spacious and grand in every way, but not new or cheerful looking. Everything about it was massive and well kept, but either that the lights were dim, or that it was so large and imposing, when I first crossed the threshold, a strange awe seized me. At the first landing we turned and walked towards the back of the house. Here, at the last door but one opening on the hall, we stopped.

"This is your room to sew in, Barbara," said the woman, "and your bedroom opens from within."

With this she stepped back to get a light from a table that stood but a few paces beyond, and I advanced a step or two within the open door. As I did so a face seemed to come forward to meet me from within. Only a face, for I could not see even the outline of the body it belonged to, and as I tried to steady my eyes it was gone, and my companion, with a lighted candle, was beside me. I glanced round the apartment as we entered. It was a lofty, well furnished room, with a sewing-chair and table at one window, as the only evidence of the use for which it was intended. For the rest, there was a couch with cushions, a case of books, pictures and easy-chairs, such as belong to a lady's sitting-room. I looked nervously into every corner; beside us two there was no one there. Whose could the face have been that seemed to advance towards me as I stood on the threshold? I had partly turned towards the woman to ask her, when I caught the expression of her face; it was cold, hard and forbidding, and I resolved, "I will not tell her," and so was silent.

"Is it here you'll be wanting this, now?" asked a cheerful voice, with a brogue to it, and the old man she had called Tim poked his head in the door with my box on his shoulder. His face, like his voice, was fresh and cheerful, and he had an air about him of being thoroughly at home, which didn't seem at all to belong to the place. "Is it here, Mrs. Janet?" he continued, as she opened a small door at the end of the room, and held up her candle to throw in the light. "Well, then, in here it goes, and there it is both nate and tidy." With that the old man rubbed his hands and smiled on me with an amiable cordiality.

"There, Tim," said she, whom he had called Mrs. Janet. "That's enough;" and she held the door open, with a slight motion towards it, of the light she still held.



A RECENT WATERSPOUT.

The above is a representation of a Waterspout, beheld from Brighton, England, on Sunday, the 21st of August. Rev. E. Piggott, who describes it in the English papers, had an advantage in using the great elevation of the tower of Worthing College as an observatory. The morning was very dull and thundery, attended with a few showers, and the lightning severe. The clouds were seen to be moving in all directions, some light and feathery, others heavy and of a grand appearance. The sea at the time (nine o'clock) was quite calm, with a slight breeze blowing from the north-east. At five minutes past nine the clouds were seen to revolve in a circle, about half a mile in diameter, and gradually approach the centre, which descended, diminishing in size, till, when about fifty feet from the surface of the sea, it increased, and united with a dense vapor arising from the water in the shape of a cone. The sea for about a circle of three hundred feet was in a most disturbed state, the immense waves rolling to a centre and throwing up masses of foam. At 9.15 the waterspout broke, and an exceedingly heavy hailstorm attended its dissolution, some of the stones being about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The waterspout was distant from Worthing about two miles. The disturbed water travelled to the eastward at a rapid rate (nearly forty miles per hour), and when opposite Brighton another waterspout was formed, far more graceful in appearance than the first, the upper part not being so bulky, but much higher. Its existence, however, was but of short duration.

"There's no hurry in life for me, Mrs. Janet," he returned; "if yourself would be going, don't stand out of politeness to me, for I'll excuse you." So saying, he regarded her with the same friendliness he had bestowed on me, but which she was so far from reciprocating, that she hustled him out without ceremony, and closed the door in his face. When he was gone she took the light into the inner room, laid it on a small dressing-table there, and left me, saying,

"When the bell rings it will be for tea; yours will be brought up to you to-night."

I was glad to have her go—for every time I looked at her she became more and more repulsive to me; something about her eyes, a dark ring around the outside of them and a reddish streak within, gave her a look I cannot describe; and her short manner and hard voice seemed to shut her out from any human interest or kindly feeling. Alone, I began to think about the face I had seen.

"It was fancy," I said to myself, "all fancy." Once before, long ago at Meg Mather's, I ran up the kitchen stairs into the dark yard, and I was sure I saw a cloudy figure looming up over me at the top. "This is just the same. I was timid in this strange place and imagined it." Having thus settled the question, I did not attempt to be frightened about it again; but it was not driven out of my mind. I looked around my room, a neat little place with one window, and two doors besides the one at which I came in; one opening into a closet; (the other was closed or fastened on the other side.) There was a little tent bedstead, a carved chest of drawers, a dressing-table, wardrobe, etc., all polished and handsome; and with a profound sense of delight and comfort in my surroundings, I began putting my things away in good order, smoothing my hair and arranging my dress. "It was a strange idea," I kept thinking meanwhile, that I should imagine such a face as that; I never saw one like it except in a picture. A picture—that's it; I must have seen a picture like it, with that dark skin, black eyes, and that strange white head-dress."

After a while, Mrs. Janet came back again and laid in the larger room a little tray with my tea on it. I was still busied arranging my drawers, but as she signified by a word or two that I had best take it then, I hurried through, and sat down where she had placed it on the table, between two lighted candles. I was still sitting there, wondering when I should see the lady who was to be my mistress, and whether Rachel felt anxious about me, after the effort I had made to convince her it was useless, when I heard the door close softly—I had not heard it open—and a soft voice said—

"So this is Barbara?"

I think I never heard so soft a voice, so tender, musical, and low, as it sounded. I looked up, rose and curtseyed, and then looking up again, felt a strange surprise at finding myself in the presence of Miss Arleigh, the pale lady I had seen two years before at Rachael's rooms.

"I thought the lady's name was Mrs. Brice," I stammered; "it read so on the card."

"Mrs. Brice!" she repeated. "Ah, yes—that is Janet's name, and she gave it. Well, mine is Miss Arleigh. Shall you be comfortable here, Barbara?" she asked, motioning me to finish my tea.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," I returned. "I am sure I shall."

"That's well," she answered, sinking into a seat opposite me; "that is what I want. Be young, be yourself, and put some life into this old house."

Then I found that her smooth, soft voice was habitual, but not natural with her, and that her face, though very white, changed expression as it changed its tone. With the low, sweet way of speaking, she wore a set smile that became painful after looking at it awhile; for it varied no more than if it had been carved upon her face; but with the different voice, that had something at once petulant and entreating in it, came the quick, restless eagerness of a soul that watched and waited, but was never at peace. She sat down, as I said, and looked at me, and I tried to drink my tea, but could not, feeling that she watched my least movement. By-and-bye I glanced up and found that her eyes were upon me, but her mind was not. She was thinking of something—Heaven knows what—that made her face appear like a dead white wall, with her restless glance and set smile gone, and her mind busy, with no outward trace of its work.

This was the strange manner of life I was to lead in the house on Tottenham Road. I was to work when I liked—when I liked, be idle. I was to sing, laugh, talk, do whatever I pleased, but be constantly in the presence of Miss Arleigh, with her dead white face before me, and her great eager eyes always fixed on me. The work set out for me to do was a mere pretence for giving me employment; a few laces to be darned, a little hemming of household linen, and my labors were completed for the week. But often, in these slight offices, when I would sit by the window, endeavoring, by elaborating the little I had to do to make it more, Miss Arleigh would look up from her sofa and cry out:

"Put away that endless work, child, and read to me."

After hearing my voice awhile, I suppose the monotony became soothing, for she would lose the quick strained look about her mouth and eyes, and sink back, first in drowsy quiet, then into real slumber. I do not think she ever knew such perfect rest as she caught in this way. Something must have prevented her sleeping peacefully at other times, for she dreaded night, and was always astir before early daylight. It took me some time to distinguish between the delight she took in having me near her, the necessity my presence daily became to her, and affection or tender feeling. At first I thought, by some strange chance, I had won her heart—why, or how, I could not tell—but she set my mind at rest.

"I am ill," she said one day, "and I take you as medicine. If I were stronger, I should take a stronger dose—the world, society, fashion—everything, in fact, that brightens and rests one's mind; but I cannot; I have not the health now; so I take you, make you think for me, talk for me, move for me, live for me, and, lying here, looking at you, give my whole being a holiday."

I would have told Miss Arleigh about my being Rachael Ballot's sister, although she never named my connections, but for one thing; it was this: I was lying in bed late one night; our hours were always late, but this night we were later than usual—when I heard Janet's voice close beside my head. I started up, and sat listening, for I was sure she was beside me; but when she spoke again I found I was mistaken, for the sound came from the other room, into which the door I could not unclose opened. She was angry, and her tones were loud and fierce.

"I do well to look to myself; I need to, when strangers are brought in from the streets to be more to you than I who have served you for twenty years."

"Janet, Janet," cried another voice—it was Miss Arleigh;—"why will you be so blind; what is the girl to me, except that I need her now? a month or two hence, I may have strength enough to go out as before; and I swear to you that she shall not vex you then."

This, with muttered protestations and excuses, was all I heard, but it was enough to take all the heart out of my task—I did what I could thenceforward, what was expected of me, I suppose; but for Miss Arleigh, whom I was beginning to love, according to my nature, I lost all feeling, except a curious interest in watching her changing moods. Janet, I knew, had always resented my presence—why, I could not suspect, though I would puzzle for hours over the odd familiarity between the grand lady Rachael had told me Miss Arleigh was, and the coarse, ill-looking woman who seemed to be her nearest friend. Knowing then, that I merely stayed there because my youth and gayety made me congenial to the ailing mistress of the house, I determined to be as cheerful and useful as I could, until Rachael returned, and I was dismissed; but my confidence I kept to myself. Writing to Dover, I said I was most comfortable and happy; that the lady whose companion I was, had been Rachael's old mistress, Miss Arleigh; that my duties were light and easily performed, etc. Mrs. Corbin wrote in reply, that Rachael was not as well as she hoped to be, she said; the journey had been trying, and she was very weak. A fortnight, however, would find her quite restored, and meanwhile she was too busy attending her to write much. I must not distress myself, for Rachael would soon be able to write to me herself. But after that nearly a month passed without a reply to my three anxious letters.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIGURE ON THE STAIRS.

Christmas was near at hand, and a strange change seemed to fall on the household in Tottenham Road. Miss Arleigh, when alone with me, was afflicted with a nervousness amounting almost to insanity. She would spring up and walk the floor for an hour at a time, stopping every moment or two to look over my shoulder at what I was reading aloud to her, as if my voice alone were not sufficient to fix the subject in her mind. Sometimes she would stop suddenly and listen, then renew her walk with greater force, until the paroxysm, or whatever else it might be, had passed away. When any one else was present, the fixed, set smile that had become ghastly to me, never varied from her face, and her voice was lower and softer than ever. Janet became colder and more morose, if possible. If there were, as I began to think, any influence in the time, it had its effect on her as well, for she became really terrible. I was oppressed by all this, and by the silence of Rachael, too, but there was something in me, youth it may be, or naturally high spirits—perhaps both—that always sustained me and kept me gay, except when I was alone, and then I thought of Rachael till I cried myself to sleep. One evening just about this time, I was standing by the window of the sewing room; Janet had brought the lights, and I had gone there to draw the curtain close. I stood looking out for a moment with it in my hand, when Miss Arleigh came and looked over my shoulder.

"What do you see?" she asked, quickly, "what do you see?"

"Oh, nothing," I answered, "I was looking at those white snow drifts wreathed against the dark stone here, and it made me think—"

"Of what?" said Janet, "what did it make you think of now?"

She had not left the room as I had supposed, but was standing between Miss Arleigh and me, bending those strong, hard eyes of hers on me, and so I answered, being a little glad I think to let her know how disagreeable I thought her:

"Why, to tell you the truth, I thought of you and Miss Arleigh,—you, cold and impenetrable, like that gray, hard stone; she, gentle and white as she is like snow."

If I had said the most comical thing in the whole world, I could not have made Janet laugh more. It was anything but inspiriting to hear her, for the sound was harsh and discordant; but she seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

"You think she's gentle, do you," she cried; "why, look at her little hand, of course she's gentle, and white—yes, she ought to be white you know, for there's not a spot on her anywhere, is there? Ho, ho! excuse me, miss, but this Barbara is such a droll one; ho, ho! gentle and white to be sure."

Whiter—far whiter than it had ever been before, became Miss Arleigh's face, as she listened to this.

"Janet!" Janet!" she cried, each time her tone becoming fainter and fuller of something between command and entreaty. Janet turned to me. She had her laugh out this time, and her face was now just as it always was. "Go down for the tea urn, Barbara, will you?" she asked. We have been making too much noise for Miss Arleigh.

I went out into the hall, closing the door after me, and turned to run down the staircase and do her bidding. I think I had reached the top stair, and was standing with my hand on the broad bannister, when I happened to glance up along the hall. It was not lighted yet, and among the shadows at the farther end I saw a figure. I stopped where I stood and looked earnestly. "Who can it be?" I thought. As if in answer, it came forward where the light shot upwards from the lighted hall below, and stood disclosed. A foreign woman, with a strange white headdress, a crimson scarf around her waist, and ornaments of gold about her. In the moment I stood rooted there, without power, I thought a score of thoughts, the plainest of all was that I had seen her before; and that it was for me those slender hands were outstretched; to me those dark eyes appealed. She went back again towards the door, where the shadows lay thickest, and, released from her gaze as she did so, I sprang down the staircase as if I were flying, with a wild desire to get among the lights and voices of the kitchen.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WARNING.

I burst so suddenly into the kitchen that I flung the door back with a loud crash as I entered, and stood trembling and panting in the middle of the floor. Old Tim sat in the corner, with a basin before him, and the cook, a deaf old woman, for whom I knew no other name, was busy round the hearth.

"You see what comes of being in too great a hurry, Miss Bab," said the old man, in allusion to my breathless state. "It's what I take great pains to avoid myself, for, says I, what you make in speed you lose in breath, and it's little we could do without that same, you know."

"It's not that, Tim, but I've been so frightened. Oh, Tim, did you know anything about a strange lady living in those rooms beyond the staircase? I saw her to-night and she startled me so."

The old woman stood still to look at me. She could not distinguish my words, so I knew my face must have expressed the excitement I was in.

"See that, now, you're frightening the cook,

poor body. Is it the tea you're after? I'll just give you a hand with it, for it's too weighty for you."

The cook, who understood through long association the motion of Tim's mouth, gave him the urn, and he took it in both hands, nodding to me to follow him.

"Bring a light," said he, an injunction I was glad to obey.

When we got outside, in the lower hall, he turned and looked at me narrowly.

"Where did you see the strange lady?" he asked, in an abrupt way.

"Just where the arched window is that lights the upper hall. She seemed to come out from among the shadows there, and I saw her face once before on the night I first came here; it was in my room then."

The thought of her being able to enter and leave my room at will was not at all reassuring to me, and knowing that Tim had lived at Miss Arleigh's household for years and years, and knew all about its arrangements, I besought him to tell me who the lady was, and why she was never seen or mentioned in the family. The only answer he made me left the affair as unexplained as before. It was this:—

"Whoever she is, Miss Bab," he said, motioning me to follow him up stairs, "it's plain she has nothing to do with you; and if them that has her here, don't name her, why should we? We must just mind our prayers and remember our duty and leave the rest to God."

"But, Tim," I said, trembling as we neared the upper hall—"it was me she seemed to want; she came towards me and would have spoken, only I was frightened and ran away."

"If you see her again tell me; will you promise me that, now?" He stopped and looked at me solemnly until I answered.

"Oh, yes, of course I will; but do find out what she is doing in those closed rooms; it frightened me so that I'm shaking yet."

We were at the door now, and we entered the room together, Tim carrying the urn and I the light.

"Well, Barbara, you made a stay in the kitchen," said Janet crossly. "Miss Arleigh has waited so long for her tea that she has lost all desire for it."

Tim came to the rescue promptly.

"You see, now, Mrs. Janet, this was just the way it happened: The urn was heated forninst the fire, and so Miss Bab couldn't put a finger to it till I come and tuck a napkin in aich hand and brought it up, and here it is now waiting for you."

"Well, that's enough about it," she answered gruffly, and turned to Miss Arleigh, who, with her back towards us, sat by the fire. She now rose and came towards the table, looking very faint and ill, and dropped into a seat wearily. Janet did not speak to her, but her manner was softened, and she watched her with something as nearly like feeling and kindness as it was possible for her to show. We had been silent for some time, when at last she said: "You eat nothing; what shall I do for you?"

Miss Arleigh started and looked wildly around her.

"Some one is dying," she said, "some one, I know; some one who was a friend to me once. I can't tell who, but I know it is so."

Janet frowned darkly.

"Why, this is a sick folly, and you must be ill indeed. It is too weak for you to heed these things. You had one of your dreadful warnings seven years ago, that went off in smoke, as this will do."

"You are mad to say nothing happened," returned her mistress excitedly; "he did not die to be sure, but his life was aimed at, that was something, surely, and there was something more if we but knew it."

"Well, well," said Janet, with a strange chuckle, "it has kept him safe in India all these years, whatever it was. Some families, however pure their blood, have a few white drops about the heart that will show themselves once in a while."

"Let him and his blood rest," returned the other bitterly. "Some one I say will die to-night—some one I have known and who has cared for me. God knows they have not been many. The circle is narrowed now, you and one more—poor Rachael Ballot."

She sat with Janet beside her, their backs toward the door; I was opposite, but they had not looked at, or thought of me, I think, since they sat there. Now Miss Arleigh leant over and laid her hand softly on Janet's, and as she did so, I looked up, and fixing my eyes on the door, tried to speak, to cry out, to move, and could not, for of all the horrors I ever felt or knew, the worst had seized me then. The door had faded out of sight somehow, at least it was not there, and in its stead stood three figures. The strange foreign lady, and on either hand Hepsy in her long white robe, and dear little Rachael just as I had seen her last. They were gone in an instant, and breath and voice came back to me. I rose, staggered forward, caught Miss Arleigh by the arm, and with a cry that refused to take the form of words at my will, fell at her feet. I saw for an instant her bewildered start, and Janet's sudden springing to catch me, and then I knew nothing more.

CHAPTER IX.

Janet Brice was my physician, and a good one in every way; for out of my fright came the first fever or illness I had ever known. When my senses came back again, I was lying in my own room, and she was attending me—not tenderly, but quietly and promptly. For a long time I could not remember what had happened to me; at last it all came back; but not with the force or dread of its occurring. I was strangely still; not sleepy but quiet. I lay there wondering, I think, that anything should ever have frightened or annoyed me, and being entirely indifferent but quite happy.

"Janet," I said at last. I wanted to speak but found it a great effort at first. "Why do I feel so still and dreamy; I never felt so before."

"You never took an opiate before, then," she replied, shortly. "You have been alarming the whole house with your nervous nonsense, and frightening Miss Arleigh out of her wits; so I gave you one."

"Did I frighten Miss Arleigh," I found myself asking, without at all meaning to do it. "I'm glad I frightened her; and I wish I had startled you too, Janet, you're such a fearful pair yourselves."

She took no notice of me, and I went on to tell her that she was like a terrible old gipsy I had known once, though I never remembered that I had known a gipsy until that moment, when it seemed quite plain to me; that this old gipsy's name was "Mab"—"Queen Mab," I used to call her, and she was fiercer and more awful still than Janet, that I used to be little Mab, and then Bab, and that Meg Mather called me Barbara at last. As I went on in an inexhaustible strain of confidence that I had no control over, the woman I knew as Janet seemed suddenly to change as I looked at her. She raised her hands above her head and beat the air with them: her whole face worked as if she were raving or exclaiming, but she made no sound of any kind. At last she seemed to come to me and look at my hair, my face, my arms, all the while making those silent motions that wrought her face so strangely. Then I lost even these fantastic links, and by-and-by floated away unbound by any memory, on the broad, dark sea of unconsciousness.

It was night again—the lamps were lighted; and I heard a strong wind whistle and shriek past the windows, and a bright fire crackle on the hearth, before I could remember anything about the bed I lay on and the wet bandages about my forehead. Then I saw Janet come towards me with a cup, and seeing that I knew her, paused with a look on her face, betokening pleasure.

"Is it night again?" I asked.

"It has been night many a time since you knew it," she answered.

While I lay still looking at her, and trying to think in a weak, wavering sort of way, I heard another voice speak—it was Miss Arleigh's, and she stood in the door way with a letter in her hand. She was pale and trembling, and spoke in a solemn, suppressed tone.

"Janet, you laughed at my death bell; it did not sound in vain this time. I said I had but two in the world to aid or care for me; there is only one now, Janet; Rachael Ballot died *that night* at Dover."

CHAPTER X.

RACHAEL'S SACRIFICE.

That was my first sorrow. I had been frightened, worried, and miserable before, but I had never known anything like this. A numb aching sensation seized my heart; a sense of desolation fell upon my life, and all hope or desire left me. I neither moaned or cried out when I heard those dreadful words "Rachael Ballot died at Dover," but for a while I lay stunned with the weight of the blow that had fallen on me; then I rose, with no trace of the weakness I had felt but a few moments before, and began dressing myself hastily. I had no object in this except that it seemed impossible for me to lie there and think quietly. I felt an intense desire to move or run swiftly. I was alone, Janet and Miss Arleigh had gone away somewhere, I suppose, for I was not conscious of seeing either all that day. A great fire lay on the hearth, and it gleamed and sparkled cheerily; the wind kept up a sighing moan around the tall windows, but when the lamps were lighted, all within glowed bright in mocking comfort to my sick and aching heart. I walked up and down before the wide fireplace trying to reason with my grief. "How could she die, without a word of farewell to me, oh, Rachael! Rachael!" This cry rose continually from the scattered mass of conjectures that racked my brain, as to why I had lost her—her, my only friend. Then for the first time since that dreadful night, I recalled her figure as I had seen it standing when I looked up suddenly. The gentle, smiling face that had blessed my whole life in such strange company. Hepsy, the dead woman, and the wonderful foreign lady that had come and gone like a spirit in the house. I clasped my hands around my head, as my mind dwelt on the picture; a maddening feeling, like a tight cord pressing into my brain, possessed my soul, I longed yet dreaded to see it reappear. I fixed my eyes on the door, and strained them in anxious horror hoping yet filled with terror lest my hope should be fulfilled. By-and-by it opened slowly and old Tim entered with wood in his arms to mend the fire. He started when he saw me.

"Well, by this an' by that! I am proud to see ye up, Miss Bab, sure. I was sure ye were laid up past rising. I am glad enough to see ye moving."

"I am not well yet, Tim," I cried, breaking into a sort of wail. "Oh, Tim, Tim! I shall never be well at heart again, for I've lost the hope and love of my life. Oh! Rachael, Rachael!"

The old man was stooping over the coals, raking them slowly together, and laying fresh sticks upon them. Now he paused and looked kindly up in my face.

"Does it be worse on ye to speak of what's happened, nor to smother it like? Some do be the better for givin' words to their trouble."

I had felt an empty sense of loneliness among my other pangs, and now this old man's sympathy awakened it anew.

"Oh, Tim, I have had a sad blow. She was my only friend. Pray, let me tell you of her goodness."

I said this weeping—not so bitterly as I had wept, for to speak of Rachael seemed to take a part of the sting from my grief. I told him that I was an orphan, without a friend on earth, when Rachael found me; and then I told him how she had destroyed all sense of desolate loneliness from my life, and filled it with more than a sister's love. He listened with a gentle, attentive smile upon his face; and when I paused, he rose and came towards me.

"This is new to me, darlin'," he said as he looked down on me. I was sitting on a low stool by the side of the hearth, and he drew a seat close beside me.

"I was here, my purty bird, whin Rachel Ballot, a girl no older nor you are now, was both young an' handsome, and made this ould place gay wid her pleasant ways."

"Yes, yes," I cried, "you must have known her, Tim; I never thought of it before. Oh, tell me of her, Tim."

"Well, thin, I will dear. An' now ye must forget the poor little crippled craythur you saw her, and strive to pictur' her young and purty—a slim little thing wid bright, kindly eyes, an' a laugh like a silver bell. The ould place was gayer then, though it niver what ye might call a lively house. There was Miss Arleigh's aunt—the ould miss, as we call her—an' a young cousin—Colonel Arleigh was his name, forbye the step-sister of our mistress, who was a fair beauty to look at."

"She was called Miss Hester. I remember Rachael mentioned her and the Colonel too, for I asked her about the Arleighs once long ago, but she didn't like to talk of them, Tim. Why was that?" I asked.

"Belike it may be she had raison enough. But listen, an' I'il tell ye. I spoke of Colonel Arleigh, an' ye have heard him mentioned before; but if I was to do nothing for the length of this night but praise him, I could give ye no true pictur of his beauty; for by all iver I saw, I niver met with his equal. He had a wonderful winning way wid him, an' it was generally known that he could wile the very bird off the bush wid his sutherin' talk. No one could guess by lookin' at him which ov the young ladies he liked best, but it was plain enough that they both thought enough ov him. By-and-by some way it became known that the Colonel and Miss Arleigh were promised to each other when they were children. I mind thinkin' strange of it, when I would come on him and Miss Hester standin' in the shadow of the long curtains in the drawing-room, wid his face close to hers, whisperin', and his arm about her. Then agin when I would see him holding silk for Miss Arleigh to wind, and tellin' her sich beautiful talk about her white hands and lovely arms, I would think to myself it's a quare thing entirely. He was gay and pleasant wid us all; it was his natural way, ye see, but he made more of Rachael than any of the maids, an' used to buy her a ring or a ribbon for taking such good care of Miss Arleigh, as he said. Be that as it may, she followed him sometimes wid looks that told a story that she niver dared to utter or even acknowledge to herself.

"Well, they were goin' to make a ridin' party out to some wonderful ruins, on a gay day it was to be. The Colonel and Miss Hester dashed off on horseback, while Miss Arleigh an' her aunt an' Rachael went in a carriage. I can't explain what the offince was Miss Hester gave Miss Arleigh by goin' off wid the Colonel, but they all said somethin' was wrong between them, and that she was in a black humor. They had got to the place, I hear, an' were stretched out on the grass enjoyin' their selves, when she jumps up and declares she meant to climb up an old winding stair that led to the tower. It was in a fearful ruinous way, an' would frighten a body to look at, let alone to travel. The Colonel and all of them riz up to hold her back, but she was like a hare in speed and lightness, an' she got away out of their hands, an' was halfway up whin they were done talkin'. Colonel Arleigh was after to bring her back, an' wid her flying from step to step, an' him followin', beggin' her to pause, they reached the great window that looked over all the country, an' had a wide stone seat to rest in. She must have felt the stones trembling under her, for she shrieked out when she got a safe hold, an' turned wid a terrified look to see where he was. He had heavy ridin' boots on him, an' they broke an' shook the crumbling wall, an' he had only just got a foothold in the window, when a great crash came, like a terrible shock of thunder, an' the old stairs tottered an' rolled down in a mass of broken stone at the foot of the tower. The dust was thick, so for a moment no one knew but all was lost till it cleared away, and showed the two clinging, frightened and speechless, to the window-frame. Thin they all took to scrachin' an' faintin', for the Colonel was the only gentleman there, I understan', an' there was nothing but confusion an' despair. I told you there was no one with their wits about them, and I told you wrong, as you'll see when I've done. Rachel, with a strong rope between her teeth, (they had brought it with them in the carriage, it seems,) began to climb the wall on the outside. They say she slipped twice, but caught herself again, though the rocks were bloody, where the sharp points had cut her flesh. She kept on some way; I can't explain it to you, for you see I was here in Tottenham Road, wid no thought of what was happenin'; but she reached the window an' gave them the rope. It was while they were strivin' to get her in widout losin their own hold, and the rest were prayin' in silent agony below, that she dropped between their hands some way, an' came down fast enough, I heard, to have made it her last sacrifice, but there was vines, an' they broke her fall, and she lived to make many another. You wouldn't mind her, as she was then—you weren't born, you see—but the poor hirpling creature she rose up after that long year of pain, was a black reproach to the house, and the kind, cheerful eyes was all I ever knew as belongin' to what she had been. Cry your heart's fill, darlint. Glory be to God, her work an' her burden's over. They say that when she got the rope to them, an' turned her face round from that dizzy height, it was beautiful to look at, with courage and love. She is far above that now, dear—far, far above that. And strive to think how much more beautifuller it looks now, with the light of glory on it, and no fall—remember that, darlint—no fall for her again."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BABY MARGUERITE.

Marguerite,
Fairest flowers are called like thee,
Flowers that bloom in trinity
Of faith and love and purity.

Marguerite,
Surely that name the symbol is
Of the worth and wealth of bliss
That without thee we should miss.

Marguerite,
Best of all our blessings sweet!
Let us all pray to be meet
To enter Heaven with Marguerite.

☞ A lady and gentleman, living near London, were disturbed in their slumbers recently by the very unpleasant noise of a slight move under the bed. The lady expressed alarm, but her somewhat sleepy *caro sposo* said, "Oh, it is only one of the dogs," and putting his hand down by the side of the bed, he called "Lion, Lion," and *his hand being licked*, after a moment the pair were satisfied and they soon slumbered again peacefully. In the morning they found that all their money and jewelry had disappeared, and it was clear that the *lick* had been the *dernier resort* of an ingenious biped concealed under the bed.

☞ "At Toronto, recently, a young man was arrested on a singular charge. It appears that the prisoner, whose name is George Hamilton, was proceeding along the street in company with some companions, when he became suddenly amorously affected and kissed his hand to a lady who was passing along on the opposite side of the street. For this he was taken into custody and conveyed to the Young street police-station.

☞ "For want of water, I am forced to drink water; if I had water, I would drink wine." This speech is a riddle, and here is the solution. It was the complaint of an Italian vineyard man, after a long drought, and an extremely hot summer, that had parched up all his grapes.

☞ Douglas Jerrold once said to an ardent young gentleman, who was anxious to see himself in print. "Be advised by me, young man: don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,		$2,50
Two copies, "		4,00
Four copies, "		8,00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4,00

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES should be made in United States notes. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities *payable to our order*.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
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THE LADY'S FRIEND,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION

THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions, and also contains the latest Patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally. It is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of a large number of

THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE, will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c., too numerous to mention.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *sixteen* years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

THE LETTER H.

It is curious to note how very difficult it is for a true Englishman to pronounce the letter h in a word that needs it. Even a cultivated man and an author is bothered by his *aitches*—as witness the case of George Augustus Sala, in the last number of TEMPLE BAR. This scholar and gentleman, as we suppose him to be, in an article upon "The Streets of the World," writes:

"Napoleon III. has pitchforked the gallic cock out of the French scutcheon, and the discrowned bird may crow where he list, for there is none to listen to him. *You have heard of a hen with one chick, but the French empire may be compared to a chick with one N.* The imperial brand—the N.—is everywhere; from the Rue de la Paix to the Rue de l'Ecu, from Marseilles to Strasbourg, from the Pyrenees to the Alps."

Now Sala's pun on the word "hen," in the above, is satisfactory proof that he is in the habit of calling and hearing it called *en*. In fact, there is no pun apparent to those who are accustomed to the correct pronunciation of the word.

There is a very easy mode of correcting this abuse of the letter h, which we wonder has never been introduced into the English schools. Let books be prepared in which such words as hen, henry, heat, hat, horse, and house, shall have the h omitted, and be spelled en, eary, eat, at, orse, and ouse. On presenting these words to the pupil, he would, as a matter of course, put in the h, and pronounce them properly.

On the same principle, let all words beginning with vowels, such as apple, alley, egg, edward, orange and oven have the letter h prefixed, and be spelled happle, halley, hegg, hedward, horange and hoven. Thus, upon asking an English boy what h, a, p, p, l, e spells, he would just as naturally say *apple*, as he now, when you ask him what h, o, r, s, e, spells, says orse. For the whole difficulty is the result of a singular disposition in the English mind, to pronounce the h where it is not visible before a vowel, and to drop it where it is visible.

If we had time, we might look a little deeper into the matter, and endeavor to ascertain upon what mental qualities this singular disposition of our English friends is based. But all the light we have at present, simply enables us to discern that it is probably owing to a habit of contradiction, and an obstinacy of perversity, which all Englishmen, with a few glorious exceptions, possess. It is not without a sense of this that Englishmen answer so readily to the name of John Bull—the Bull being universally acknowledged to be one of the most perverse and obstinate of animals. "Bull-headed" means stubborn and perverse all the world over.

Now, just as impossible as it would be to account for the mad and obstinate caprices of a mighty bull, upon any other grounds than those of mere obstinacy and wilfulness, so it may be to account for the obstinacy and perversity of the English respecting the letter h. The letter h is nothing to them in itself, that they should recoil at its sight, yet having once started at it, they probably keep up the habit through mere stubbornness and perversity. But, on the other hand, the letter h is a cardinal principle of all language—having its prototype in the Chaldee, Syriac, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Anglo-Saxon, and we know not what other dialects—so that being founded in the very nature and essence of things, Bull cannot escape doing it homage. Therefore while he never *consciously* uses it, he atones for this studied insult and neglect, by being compelled to use it continually *unconsciously*.

So much for the explanation of a problem which doubtless has vexed more or less the ablest philologists on both sides of the ocean.

NICKNAMES.

A correspondent writes to us in denunciation of a foolish practice which obtains in many places, of calling grown men Billy, Tommy, Johnny, &c., in place of their proper names. Our correspondent is right; it is "disgusting;" and if he should knock anybody down, as we judge from the tone of his letter he is likely to do, for belittling his name in that fashion, if we happen to be on the jury when he is prosecuted, we will do our best to have him brought in "*Not guilty*—and hope he will do it again."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIRESIDE TRAVELS. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. This volume includes "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," "A Moosehead Journal," "Leaves From My Journal in Italy and Elsewhere," "At Sea," "In The Mediterranean," "Italy," and "A Few Bits of Modern Mosaic." These sketches of travel are very pleasantly written, and abound in shrewd remarks upon life and character. They are not, to be sure, what we hoped when we saw the announcement of a new book by Lowell; but since the Boston philistines have lured the poet down from the empyrean, and put him to "useful labor," grinding away at old wheat in their college-mill at Cambridge, we suppose it is in vain to hope for anything better. It is a question with us whether Scotland's treatment of Burns, making him a whiskey guager, or Boston's of Lowell is the more atrocious. We suppose that to put a man to some regular mental employment will stop the making of poetry in him rather quicker than even guaging whiskey—and therefore the Boston scotch are perhaps a little ahead of the old-country ones. But we forbear, lest we should hurt the feelings of our Boston friends, who, we are told, consider a professorship at Cambridge a position of almost unequalled honor! Do not laugh, reader, it really is so stated, and on good authority.

But, to return to Mr. Lowell's volume. We quote a passage from

AT SEA.

"The most beautiful thing I have seen at sea, all the more so that I had never heard of it, is the trail of a shoal of fish through the phosphorescent water. It is like a flight of silver rockets, or the streaming of northern lights through that silent nether heaven. I thought nothing could go beyond that rustling star-foam which was churned up by our ship's bows, or those eddies and disks of dreamy flame that rose and wandered out of sight behind us.

"'T was fire our ship was plunging through,
Cold fire that o'er the quarter flew;
And wandering moons of idle flame
Grew full and waned, and went and came,
Dappling with light the huge sea-snake
That slid behind us in the wake.

"But there was something even more delicately rare in the apparition of the fish, as they turned up in gleaming furrows the latent moonshine which the ocean seemed to have hoarded against these vacant interlunar nights. In the Mediterranean one day, as we were lying becalmed, I observed the water freckled with dingy specks, which at last gathered to a pinkish scum on the surface. The sea had been so phosphorescent for some nights, that when the captain gave me my bath, by dousing me with buckets from the house on deck, the spray flew off my head and shoulders in sparks. It occurred to me that this dirty-looking scum might be the luminous matter, and I had a pailful dipped up to keep till after dark. When I went to look at it after nightfall, it seemed at first perfectly dead; but when I shook it, the whole broke out into what I can only liken to milky flames, whose lambent silence was strangely beautiful, and startled me almost as actual projection might an alchemist. I could not bear to be the death of so much beauty: so I poured it all overboard again.

"Another sight worth taking a voyage for is that of the sails by moonlight. Our course was 'south and by east, half south,' so that we seemed bound for the full moon as she rolled up over our wavering horizon. Then I used to go forward to the bowsprit and look back. Our ship was a clipper, with every rag set, stunsails, sky-scrapers, and all; nor was it easy to believe that such a wonder could be built of canvas as that white many-storied pile of cloud that stooped over me, or drew back as we rose and fell with the waves.

"These are all the wonders I can recall of my five weeks at sea, except the sun. Were you ever alone with the sun? You think it a very simple question; but I never was, in the full sense of the word, till I was held up to him one cloudless day on the broad buckler of the ocean. I suppose one might have the same feeling in the desert. I remember getting something like it years ago, when I climbed alone to the top of a mountain, and lay face up on the hot gray moss, striving to get a notion of how an Arab might feel. It was my American commentary of the Koran, and not a bad one. In a New England winter, too, when everything is gagged with snow, as if some gigantic physical geographer were taking a cast of the earth's face in plaster, the bare knob of a hill will introduce you to the sun as a comparative stranger. But at sea you may be alone with him day after day, and almost all day long. I never understood before that nothing short of full daylight can give the supremest sense of solitude. Darkness will not do so, for the imagination peoples it with more shapes than were ever poured from the frozen loins of the populous North. The sun, I sometimes think, is a little *gressy* at sea, especially at high noon, feeling that he wastes his beams on those fruitless furrows. It is otherwise with the moon. She "comforts the night," as Chapman finely says, and I always found her a companionable creature."

We do not quote the above as a specimen brick—for it is not—but for itself. The author's style, as a general thing, is a little too snappy. The reader will, however, find the volume an entertaining one, and we cordially recommend it as good after-dinner reading.

POEMS OF THE WAR, by GEORGE H. BOKER. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. Of the poems in this volume that we especially admire, we may note the "Ode to America," "The

Ride to Camp," "The Sword Bearer," "Oremus," and the "Dirge on the Death of General Kearney." The last has been called by a brother bard, who stands in the front rank of American poets, "the finest poem written during the war." It is as follows:—

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL PHILIP KEARNEY, KILLED SEPTEMBER 1, 1862.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

We commend Mr. Boker's volume to the attention of those of our readers who love poetry. It will well repay the cost of purchase and the time spent in its perusal.

THE CONTRABANDS.

We understand that much suffering exists at present among the contrabands at Washington and its vicinity—and therefore cheerfully call attention to the following appeal, from certain members of the religious society of Friends:—

TO FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

"FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION (OF PHILADELPHIA) FOR THE AID AND ELEVATION OF THE FREEDMEN," have co-operated with the Government in the establishment of Hospitals on Mason's Island, where much sickness and great destitution now exist. The undersigned, a Sanitary Committee of said Association, solicit from Friends and others, contributions of Hospital Stores which will be judiciously distributed by nurses and teachers sent out by the Association to Mason's Island, Camp Wadsworth and other points in the vicinity of Washington.

The articles most needed are dried fruits—such as apples, peaches, cherries, plums and blackberries;—dried beef and hams,—onions, beets and dried rusk; also blackberry and other syrups and all other articles suitable for the sick and convalescent.

Contributions of bed-covering and clothing for women and children will be very acceptable as they are greatly needed. Free transportation has been granted by Government from Philadelphia.

All contributions should be sent to J. & M. SAUNDERS, 34 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

LOUISA J. ROBERTS,
MACPHERSON SAUNDERS,
MARTHA DODGSON,
GEORGE W. ROBINS,
SPENCER ROBERTS,
NATHAN W. ELLIS,
JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR.

The Late Terrible Accident on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad.

The Harrisburg Union, in its account of the collision and burning of the cars on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad on Wednesday last, says:—

The gas suddenly escaped took fire, which immediately communicated with the rubbish and consumed everything together. Some forty human beings were consumed with the baggage or otherwise injured. The charred remains were gathered up the next morning and filled seven boxes. One lady got half out of the rubbish, when her clothes took fire and she fell back suffocated. One gentleman lost a wife and five children, and a lady lost an aunt and three children. We could not learn their names, as they, with a number of wounded persons, had been removed before our arrival and sent to Philadelphia.

Of the vast number burned to ashes with their baggage, the names will probably never be known. Military buttons, watch cases and wheels, breastpins, copper and silver coin, hair pins, pen knives, with melted gold, and bundles of half-burned greenbacks, were found in the rubbish.

Engine No. 131 was crushed to pieces, the smoke stack lying in one place, the wheels in another, and the tender in another. All kinds of rubbish, seats, windows, doors, stoves, ventilators, bells and lamps, were massed in one general ruin.

There were five cars in the train, two were destroyed utterly, and three were not injured at all. The front cars were the ones that were destroyed. It is impossible to say who is to blame for this disaster, but one thing is certainly reprehensible, and that is, locking the doors of the night trains, and it is to be hoped that this practice will no longer be permitted. There is danger enough in travelling in cars without the additional danger of converting them into a prison.

☞ A Hartford paper says that Mr. Ames, of Falls Village, Ct., in trying one of his wrought iron guns recently, loaded it to within fourteen inches of the muzzle with powder and wadding; then put in a projectile eighteen inches long, projecting from the muzzle one-third of its length; then placed the gun opposite an embankment ten feet thick, composed of several tons of iron backed with earth, and set a slow match to the gun and fired it. The gun recoiled *sixty feet*, and drove the projectile entirely through the solid embankment.

☞ The banks cannot use the compound interest notes to redeem their circulation. They are a legal tender to the banks for any debt due it, but from the bank they will not answer as an exchange for their notes.

The New Fashions.

The *Daily Tribune* contains the following notice of millinery opening day in New York. We endorse its opinions as to the propriety of ladies wearing their old clothes during the coming season. We do not endorse what it says about the turban hats:—

The blocked streets, the thronged sidewalks, the fine display of new fall goods in the shop-windows, and the eager curiosity of the sight-seers as they pass from one object of attraction to another, all indicate that the fall trade season has opened, and is marked, in its commencement at least, with much of that activity which belongs to the different phases of metropolitan life. Curiosity, indeed, seems to be a stronger influence than usual in the minds of the thousands of lady shoppers, who make their persevering way from one establishment to another, examining styles and making inquiries, but much less frequently making purchases than formerly. The truth is, the new fall fashions are terribly tantalizing. Quite a revolution has taken place in many important articles of attire, rendering a large amount of moral courage necessary to the wearing of last year's cloak or bonnet; while, on the other hand, prices are so exorbitant as to make sensible, thoughtful women determine to brave all the ignominy which attaches to such an act of fashionable turpitude, rather than pay them.

IMPORTED BONNETS,

Which used to be sold for twenty-five and thirty dollars, are now seventy, eighty, and ninety, while the ordinary class of bonnets, made of second-class materials, from French patterns, and which formerly sold for eight and ten dollars, are now valued at twenty-five and thirty.

This is a higher price than many very respectable women feel that it would be right for them to pay, and we agree with them, especially as there is so little of value for the money. The new bonnets are pretty, we admit; but the *newest* are too small to be a protection, and they are generally made in such patchy style—of so many bits of velvet, lace and ribbon, as to suggest at once to a person of thrift the utter impossibility of ever putting any part of the material in the future to any other useful purpose.

The small brim is not unfrequently composed of a strip of velvet, and a transparent edge, covered with silk puffing, or narrow lining. The soft, low crown, is possibly of lace, covered with loops, and streamers, to hide the want of a curtain, which in many instances is absent altogether. What is this pretty, dressy, specimen of head-gear worth, for warmth, or real service? Absolutely nothing at all; and we advise sensible women who share this opinion, to buy good, stout, dark straw bonnets of American manufacture, trim them in plain, lady-like style, and wear them, until something better worth the money is offered by the milliners.

There are, however, very neat, and even elegant bonnets made of corded silk, simply trimmed with velvet, and small clusters of velvet flowers of the same shade, which are not very expensive, and there are the always useful and durable felt, which require only a very simple trimming of velvet also, to make them fit for association, with a very handsome toilette.

Whether for the sake of fashion, or economy, possibly a little of both, young ladies have now adopted altogether what is called the round hat, in place of the bonnet. The style varies with every season, and is sometimes modest, as well as becoming, but we cannot say so much for the small turbans, and Scotch caps, which, accompanied by a straight, diminutive, mask veil, have this season achieved a wonderful popularity.

That they are becoming to the majority of young ladies there is no doubt, else they would not be so universally adopted, but that they have any pretensions to modesty, no one who has met them on Broadway will claim. The face, which must look bold, when left so entirely bare, is shaded only by a small oval piece of white blonde, or lace, worked with beads, which looks less as if intended for protection, than to attract attention and admiration.

It may be urged that young ladies have a right to look pretty, that it is their mission, and one of the uses of their existence—all this we are willing to concede, yet at the same time we wish to protest against a style of dress in public, which assists to destroy the principal charm of a young girl's character, which is innocence, and helps to create that longing for public, and universal admiration, which saps the foundation of all that is true and womanly. And while upon this subject, it may be remarked that the tendency of the present day among young girls, is altogether to over-dressing. In the street, or at any place of public resort, they are always to be seen in the largest numbers, and decked out most extravagantly *a la mode*. The impression conveyed is that they have nothing to do beyond dressing themselves, to appear in public; and the fact, if it is a fact, is as little to their mother's credit, as their own idle, extravagant girls, will make idle extravagant women, a sorry prospect for the future.

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE.

Shall I buy a new dress and cloak at present prices, or shall I wear my old ones? is a question which is occupying the attention of a great many women just now, who have rarely before bestowed a thought upon the subject, except to take it for granted that new styles must always be worn with the new season. But with butter at sixty-five cents per pound, and skirting muslin at eighty cents per yard, causes reflection, and a doubt, and the doubt is increased by a visit to various dry-goods establishments, where silks are exhibited at from ten to twenty five dollars per yard, velvet from twenty-five to one hundred, and even modest merinoes and plain-looking cloths put on airs, and won't be made available under a sum which would formerly have furnished a suit of silk and velvet.

What is to be done? Wear the old clothes? Certainly. Almost every woman has a stock which could be made to last two or three years, and some much longer, if she would only go to work and make the most of it. Her clothing might not be in the newest fashion, but the little sacrifice of pride and vanity should be amply compensated by the pleasure of exercising her taste and ingenuity, and the knowledge that she had refrained from adding to the burdens imposed upon father or husband during the struggle with the enemies of our nationality.

The temptation is great, to be sure—the colors are very beautiful, the textures are very soft and lustrous, the gold and rich crimson contrast so well with the dark hair and ivory skin. Moreover, the fashion of making is entirely new, and very *piquante*. The dress-coats with their long tails, and little *revers*, which seem only designed to show the lining of white satin, the charming little pockets trimmed with lace, intended only for show and not for use—for a lace handkerchief would be stolen from it immediately you turned—not to mention the silk vest, the exquisite neck-tie, and the dainty cane, which complete this daring costume.

It is a temptation undoubtedly to some, but would it be to any pure-minded, modest woman? We doubt if such a one would wear one of these half-masculine, half-feminine garments, which fashionable *modistes* call "dress-coats," and are quite sure at any rate that she would not wear it a second time. It is a fashion which fortunately will soon die out, because it is wholly unsuited to the usual style of woman's dress. In the drawing-room it looks like attire designed for a fancy dress-ball; in the street, the partial disguise of a woman in search of adventures; everywhere it is unwomanly and unnatural. And as having some reference to the coat, we will mention the "coat-sleeve," which has been in vogue for some time, and which grows straighter and more unbecoming with every variation. Why does not some influential *modiste* demolish them by one imperial edict, and restore to us sleeves which will not reveal so painfully the national defect of thinness of the upper part of the arm and want of breadth of shoulder. A coat-sleeve has its uses. Twice in a woman's life it may find a place round her neck or waste, but it is not on those occasions *her* arm which should be in it.

We are glad to endorse, however, the double-breasted waists, which are so fashionable for house and street dresses. They are comfortable and very becoming, just the style for winter wear, and for making up in dark winter materials. We do not advise the trimming them across, however, in what is called military fashion. A better effect is produced by simply buttoning them over on one side with large black or white buttons.

The new linsey woolsey, at two dollars and a half per yard, is the best, cheapest and most serviceable for fall and winter wear. It is a mixture, when it is genuine, as it should be at this price, of *thread* and wool.

There is abundant chance this season for people to spend money, who are so disposed. Velvet cloaks, more than ever desirable, because almost unattainable, are four and five hundred dollars each, and can easily be made to cost double that sum. Lace shawls, and cloaks so fragile that they look as if one breath of air would dissolve them into itself, are held at the trifling cost of two or three thousand dollars each. Few, of course, will pay these sums, but the very fact that they are to be found in our stores, shows that there are people among us who value no amount of money in comparison with the gratification of their tastes or their appetites.

Few new styles in cloaks have as yet made their appearance, but there is one, the double-breasted paletot, which deserves to be, and will undoubtedly be, very popular. It is neat and very becoming. Ladies to whom economy is an object should this season have all the value put in the cloth of their cloaks, and none in trimmings, which are very expensive, and add nothing really to the appearance; often, indeed, they vulgarize it.

The Grizzly Bear.

The Grizzly Bear has been seen as far north as 61 degrees of latitude, and as far south as Mexico; its range is confined, on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, to their spurs and slopes, and the plains that skirt their bases. On the western side their range extends, wherever the ground is rocky and mountainous, to the Pacific.

To the northward and eastward of the Great Slave Lake there is a region called the Barren Lands, or Grounds, and here a large bear has been found, which was for a long time supposed to be a distinct species called the Barren-ground Bear; but this is now almost proved to be the grizzly bear.

The grizzly bear is twice as large and strong as the black bear, and as tenacious of life as an eel. There is no account, in the hundreds of "bear stories" told, of one ever having been killed outright by a single shot. The travellers Lewis and Clark record that one, after receiving five bullets through the lungs, and five other severe body wounds besides, swam a considerable distance to a sand-bar in the river, and lived for twenty minutes after its arrival there; another, which was shot through the heart, ran a couple of hundred yards; while a third, shot through the lungs, pursued a hunter more than half a mile.

The grizzly bear measures often nearly ten feet from the tip of its nose to the tip of its very short tail, and weighs from a thousand to twelve hundred pounds. The hair is abundant, long, and varying between gray and blackish brown. On the muzzle it is short and pale; the nose is long, narrow, and rather flat, and the canine teeth very large and strong. Its strength is so great that it overpowers and kills the largest bison bull, and then can convey the carcase to its place of concealment. Here, like many other animals, it digs a hole for the reception of its prey, until that is exhausted, when necessity compels it to renew the chase.

It is stated by close observers, that the bears differ in ferocity, those on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains being more fierce, pugnacious, and more fond of animal food than those on the western slopes, where the climate is milder, and vegetable food in greater abundance, the females and cubs are said to hibernate, though the males are found abroad at all seasons.

In San Francisco, Sacramento, Benicia, and some other towns, cruel fights between grizzly bears and wild bulls were of frequent occurrence, ending usually in the discomfiture of the bull.

A hunter attached to an overland train from St. Louis to El Paso, left his horse to try and stalk an antelope. When nearing his game he was surprised to see it spring away, although he felt convinced it had neither heard, seen, nor smelt him. A few minutes served to show him that a grizzly, or "old Ephraim," as he is called on the plains, had been trying to creep upon the antelope. They both caught a view of each other at the same moment; and the bear, feeling "done" out of his supper, advanced upon the hunter. It was no use running—his horse was half a mile off; so the hunter awaited the attack, though he knew that it was almost useless to expect his rifle to kill or disable the bear; he felt, as he expressed it, that his "chance was a slim one."

A bright thought all at once occurred to him. He had on his shoulders a stout Mexican blanket with a slit in the middle of it, to be worn as a poncho; he waited till the bear rose on his feet for his spring, and threw his blanket over the bear. The head of the grizzly came through the slit, and the long ends encumbered his feet, whilst the blanket, woven closely to resist rain, proved too tough for even his powerful claws to tear easily; and, whilst "old Ephe" was working "tooth and toe nails," the hunter was making "tracks" to reach his horse. Having gained his saddle, the hunter returned, and fought the bear from his saddle till he killed him.

On the first settlement of California a Mexican came across a grizzly, and lassoed him, thinking he could choke him to death; he was disagreeably surprised to find the bear hauling in both himself and his horse by the lasso, hand over hand, as a sailor takes a pull at the haulyards (ha'lyards), and he was glad to draw his knife and sever the connection.

The cubs, when young, are tree-climbers; later in life their claws unfit them for this; so that, if a hunter can gain a tree, he is safe.

A gigantic friend of mine—he stood nearly six feet seven inches high, and was stout in proportion—was an untiring hunter. When the gold fever broke out he caught the infection, and went to California; he made two competencies, and lost them by the fires which broke out in the early settlement of San Francisco. A third time he made $15,000. Determined to save this, he sold his stock of goods, and after remitting his "rocks" to a bank in New Orleans, and whilst waiting for a vessel to sail to Panama, he was persuaded to join a hunting party; and whilst on this hunt he wounded, and was awfully mangled by a grizzly bear. He came home to Texas, and married a young lady—I was myself present at the wedding; in three months he was buried, never having recovered from the encounter. I should state here that his was a love match, and it was to enable him to marry that he had at first gone to California; and he married his wife to secure to her his property, though he thoroughly knew, and in fact told me previous to the ceremony, that he felt he was not destined to see the new year, then some four months distant.

It is rather extraordinary that the grizzly bear will not molest a sleeping man. The Indians, who are close observers, say that a man reclining upon the ground is "medicine to the Meeshek Musquaw."

The female has rarely more than three cubs, and there has been no instance where she has failed to defend them. The male, too, takes his full share of their mutual responsibility, and it is supposed that the female and male pair, to a greater extent than amongst many other animals, behaving quite unlike a bear, in this respect at least.

Amongst all the Indian tribes, a successful encounter with a grizzly bear counts equal to that of killing a warrior on the war-path, a necklace of the claws forming an honorable badge quite equal to the English Victoria Cross. At first I was surprised that even a victory over the common black bear was so much thought of, as with us we do not consider it much more than killing a deer. I account for it amongst them as being led by tradition. When they killed a bear with the simple bow and arrow, and without the aid of hounds, it was an exploit, whilst we use the latter and fire-arms. With the grizzly bear, whether it is an Indian or a Gordon Cumming, it is a victory to be written by the hunter in letters of gold.

That the grizzly attacks any odds is proved by Dr. Richardson in the following narrative:—"A party of *voyageurs*, who had been employed all day in tracking a canoe up the Saskatchewan, had seated themselves in the twilight by a fire, and were busy in preparing their supper, when a large grizzly bear sprang over the canoe, that was tilted behind them, and, seizing one of the party by the shoulder, carried him off. The rest fled in terror, with the exception of an Indian, named Bourasso, who, grasping his gun, followed the bear as it was retreating leisurely with its prey. He called to his unfortunate comrade that he was afraid of hitting him if he fired at the bear; but the latter entreated him to fire at the bear without hesitation, as the bear was squeezing him to death. On this, he took a deliberate aim, and discharged his piece into the body of the bear, who instantly dropped its prey to pursue Bourasso. He escaped with difficulty, and the bear ultimately retreated to a thicket, where it was supposed to have died; but the curiosity of the party not being a match for their fears, the fact of its decease was not ascertained. The man who was rescued had his arm fractured, and was otherwise severely bitten, but finally recovered. I have seen Bourasso, and can add that the account which he gives is fully credited by the traders resident in that trading region, who are best qualified to judge of its truth from their knowledge of the parties."

A thousand bear-stories might be told, a hundred narrow escapes, and yet the history of the *Ursus ferox* remains to be told. Seen casually, always as an antagonist, among mountains and ravines, in an unsettled region, little is known except that it fights to the bitter end—no chance, so far, that it should ever be tamed, though it may be caught.

"TILL THE WHEELS RUST OFF."—One of the most careful railroad conductors that ever took a train over the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad, Wm. Akerman, was inquired of by an impatient passenger, while his train was holding up at a turnout, how long he intended to wait there. A passing train was over due, and the passengers were in a hurry to get on, as all passengers are. "I shall wait," said Akerman, "unless the missing train arrives, or I am directed by the proper authorities to go on, *until the wheels rust off*." These should be written in gold for the guidance of every conductor. They tell the whole story in a nutshell. How many lives would have been saved that have been cruelly crushed out by railroad disasters, if the rule of this model conductor had been implicitly obeyed.

☞ A LAZY FAITH.—The peasants of the Wallachian countries of the Banat, who are rather lazy, did not cultivate their ground, in consequence of the calamity of last year, because they had neither cattle nor seed. Nevertheless, in one of those districts where nothing was sown, thirty-five thousand meix (sixty-one litres each) of wheat have been produced. The seed sown two years ago, and which could not sprout last year on account of the drought, has this year grown up quite vigorously. That curious circumstance has inspired the peasants with very singular ideas. They have been heard to say, very seriously, that labor is not absolutely necessary, and that when God wishes to assist men, He makes rye and wheat spring up without the necessity of its being sown. In many places the clergy have been obliged to combat these ideas from the pulpit.

☞ When the card of the Rubicon was played, Julius Cæsar said "I pass."

LATEST NEWS.

The Army of the Potomac is still quiet, with the exception of the usual picket firing. The shotted salute in honor of Sheridan's victory is reported to have done considerable damage to Petersburg.

Gen. Sheridan has pushed on as far as Woodstock, in pursuit of Early, with the 6th and 19th corps, and stopped at that place on Friday to rest his men. In his official despatch he states that if Gen. Torbert has pushed down the Luray valley, according to directions, he will achieve important results. An estimate of prisoners cannot yet be given. The artillery captured numbers sixteen pieces.

The news of Early's defeat has reached Richmond and created great consternation.

Deserters from the rebel army at Petersburg report that the men were very despondent at the defeat of Early, and it was thought that Petersburg would have to be evacuated.

At Atlanta all is reported quiet. A portion of the city is being destroyed, and the timber is being used to construct camps. Gov. Brown has offered peace propositions to Gen. Sherman.

The train captured on Monday last at Cabin's creek, in Kansas, consisted of 200 wagons, several ambulances, &c., and was valued at about a million dollars. The escort, consisting of about 800 men, were taken prisoners.

Fort Gibson is reported to have been captured by three thousand rebels. It is also said that the rebels are moving on Springfield, Mo., and Fort Scott.

The Presidential Election.

The near approach of the Presidential election will make the following statement in reference to the relative vote of the several states in the Electoral College interesting to our readers: The relative strength of the several states in the Electoral College has been considerably changed since the last Presidential election, by the decennial re-apportionment. Maine had 8 votes in 1860, and in 1864 will have but 7. Massachusetts also loses one, falling from 13 to 12 votes; New York drops from 35 to 33; Pennsylvania loses one, Ohio loses two, and Kentucky loses one. Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas, Tennessee and Virginia will not be heard of in the electoral college. The vote of California will be increased from 4 to 5 votes; Illinois will advance from 11 to 16 votes; Iowa, which had 4 in 1860, will now have 8; Wisconsin will have 8 votes instead of 5; Michigan increases two votes, and Kansas, with her three votes, will be added to the college. The following is an accurate statement of the number to which each state likely to participate in the election will be entitled:—

Maine,	7	Ohio,	21
New Hampshire,	5	Indiana,	13
Massachusetts,	12	Illinois,	16
Rhode Island,	4	Michigan,	8
Connecticut,	6	Vermont,	5
New York,	33	Iowa,	8
Wisconsin,	8	Minnesota,	4
New Jersey,	7	Kansas,	3
Pennsylvania,	26	Kentucky,	11
Delaware,	3	Missouri,	11
Maryland,	7	California,	5
Oregon,	3		
	Total,		226

The total number of votes to which these states are entitled is 226. A majority of this Electoral College is necessary to an election, and that majority is one hundred and fourteen votes. [West Virginia however is omitted in the above statement.]

A Railroad Evil.

The late accident on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the burning to death of a number of passengers—said to be from *fifty* to *eighty*, of all ages—will call the attention of the public more forcibly to the practice which prevails on many railroad lines of locking the doors of the cars upon the passengers. This is a most fearful practice, and the wonder is that the public submit to it after the experience they have had of its dangers. In most collisions upon railways the engine is sure to be overturned, disabled, or destroyed, and the fires in the furnaces are scattered. The cars not unfrequently take fire from this cause, and if the passengers are locked in they are all liable to be roasted before they can be released. Cars that are locked in this manner can be considered no better than railroad slaughter pens. In the event, of any kind of accident the passengers are helpless, though, in many cases, if they could have free egress they could not only escape themselves all danger but could render aid to their fellow passengers in peril. If a locked car is precipitated into a river few ever escape drowning. We have had some terrible instances of this kind which ought to be a standing protest against the practice of locking people in the cars. The practice is adopted doubtless as a precaution against accident from passengers passing through the train while it is in motion. We can imagine no other plausible reason for it. But a passenger who is careless enough to encounter risks from stepping from one car to another while in motion incurs only ill consequences to himself, and the company bears none of the responsibility or liability for his act. To protect a few individuals from the results of their own want of caution, it is not necessary or proper that all the other passengers shall be exposed to a still more horrible fate. The passengers, who were in the train on Wednesday to which the accident occurred, have presented a written protest against being locked in, and say they will "withhold patronage from all roads that keep their doors locked while in transit." This is one way to show the public appreciation of so bad a custom, and if railroad managers do not remove the evil voluntarily, a legislative enactment should prevent or punish the practice.

☞ California has five regiments of infantry and three of cavalry in the field. Fifteen hundred of them are at Salt Lake, keeping the Mormons and Indians quiet, and others are fighting the Apache Indians in Arizona and guarding against a raid from Texas.

☞ The apple crop will be abundant this season. In some localities the trees are overloaded and props are used to save the branches from breaking under their luscious burden.

☞ Some one suggests that England should buy Lapland—now on sale—for a penal settlement, whither it might transport those to whom it wishes to give the cold shoulder. It would frighten off a good deal of crime, doubtless, more especially if this were made the station for freezing down malefactors on the Swedish system, which suspends animation for any number of years, and until wanted.

TRUE TO THE LAST.

BY A PRISONER OF WAR.

"When St. Henri de Marley went into the battle of Solferino, he hastily pencilled, on the plating of his scabbard, the address of his lady-love, and the words: 'In the face of death my thoughts are thine.' He was killed, but his friend forwarded the sad memento of his constancy, as directed."—*Rankleigh's Italian Notes.*

The bugles blow the battle-call,
And through the camp each stalwart band
To-day its serried column forms,
To fight for God and native land!
Brave men are marching by my side,
Our banners floating glad and free,
But yet amid this brilliant scene
I give my thoughts to thee!

The horsemen dashing to and fro—
The drums with wild and thunderous roll—
The sights and sounds—all things that tend
To kindle valor in the soul;
These all are here—but in the maze
Of squadrons moved with furious glee,
Still true to every vow we made,
I give my thoughts to thee.

The deep booms smite the trembling air,
Each throb proclaims the foeman near,
And faintly echoed from the front,
I hear my gallant comrades' cheer.
While, joy of heroes marching on
Through blood, their glorious land to free!
I give to freedom here my life—
But all my thoughts to thee!

And yet, beloved, I must not think
What undreamed woe may soon be thine;
It would unman me in the work
Of guarding well our country's shrine.
Here on this sword I write my truth;
These words shall yet thy solace be,
They'll tell how in this last fierce hour
I gave my thoughts to thee.

Along the east the holy morn
Renews life's many cares and joys.
This hour I hope some wish for me
Thy pure and tender prayer employs.
Another beauteous dawn of light
These eyes, alas! may never see;
But even dying, faint, and maimed,
I still would think of thee.

And then in coming years that roll,
When scenes of peace and brightness throng,
And round each happy hour is twined
The wreaths of friendship, love, and song;
Go to his grave whose heart was thine,
And by that spot a mourner be—
One tear for him thy loved and lost,
Whose last thought clung to thee!

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XLIII.

DAY-DREAMS RUDELY INTERRUPTED.

Seated before a costly breakfast service of Sevres porcelain with its adjuncts of glittering silver, was Caroline Cray, in a charming morning robe of white muslin and blue ribbons, with what she would have called a *coiffure*, all blue ribbons and white lace, on her silky hair. A stranger, taking a bird's-eye view of the scene, of the elegant room, the expensive accessories, the recherche attire of its mistress, would have concluded that there was no lack of means, that the income supporting all this must at least be to the extent of some thousands a year.

In truth Mark Cray and his wife were a practical illustration of that homely but expressive saying which must be so familiar to you all: *they had begun at the wrong end of the ladder.* When fortune has come; when it is actually realized, in the hands, then the top of the ladder, comprising its Sevres porcelain and other costs in accordance, may be safe and consistent, but if we *begin* there without first climbing to it, too many of us have an inconvenient fashion of toppling down again. The furniture surrounding Caroline Cray was of the most beautiful design, the most costly nature; the lace on that morning robe, on that pretty "coiffure" would make a hole in a £20 bank note, the silver ornaments on the table were fit for the first palace in the land, and Mr. and Mrs. Cray had got these things about them—and a great deal more besides which I have not time to tell you of—anticipatory of the fortune that was *to be* theirs; not that already *was.* And now their footing on that high ladder was beginning to tremble, just as that of the milkmaid did when she sent the milk out of her milkpails, and so destroyed her dreams.

Caroline sat at her late breakfast, toying with a fashionable newspaper—that is, one giving notice of the doings of the fashionable world—sipping her coffee, flirting with some delicate bits of buttered roll, casting frequent glances at the mirror opposite to her, in whose polished plate was reflected that pretty face, which in her pardonable vanity she believed had not its compeer. All unconscious was she of that turbulent scene then being enacted in the city, of the fact that her husband was at that moment finding his way to her in a cab into which he had jumped to hide himself, in abject fear and dismay. Caroline had slept sound and late after her night's gayety, and very much surprised was she to find her husband had arisen and was gone out without speaking to her. She felt cross at it. She wanted to ask Mark an explanation of his strange conduct of not coming to the dinner on the previous night, of not making his appearance at all indeed, at what she called a decent hour. She had asked him about it in the carriage coming home, what kept him, and he said "Nothing much. He had to go to Oswald's; he'd tell her in the morning." But when the morning arose, she found Mark flown.

"The German watering places never known so full as they are this year!" she remarked, culling a choice morsel or two from the newspaper at intervals. "I'm rather sorry we can't go. Perhaps even now Mark might—what hour's that?"

It was the striking of the French clock behind her that caused the exclamation. She turned, and found it was eleven: later than Caroline thought, and she finished her breakfast quickly and rang the bell.

While the things were being removed, she began thinking over her plans for the day. Some excursion into the country had been spoken of for the afternoon; and, now Mark was gone, she was at an uncertainty. Mrs. Cray tapped her pretty foot in petulance on the carpet, and felt exceedingly angry with the tiresome stranger who had disturbed her husband when he was dressing on the previous evening, and kept him from going out with her to dinner.

"How long did that gentleman stop here last night, George?" she suddenly asked of the servant. "Mr. ——— what was the name? Brackenbury, I think."

"He stopped a good while, ma'am. I think it was between nine and ten when he left."

"What a shame! Keeping Mr. Cray all that while. I wonder he stayed with him! *I* wouldn't."

"My master was not with him all the time, ma'am," said the man, wishing to be communicative. "He went out and left the gentleman here waiting for him; he was out for some time."

"They are so unreasonable, these people!" grumbled Caroline to herself. "They don't go to evening amusements themselves, don't get invited, I daresay, and they have no consideration for others who do. I'd make them come to me in business hours, if I were Mark."

She sat on, after the departure of the breakfast things, leaning back in an easy-chair and turning carelessly the leaves of a new novel, those that would open, for she did not exert herself to cut them. A very listless mood was she in that morning, tired and out of sorts. By-and-by her maid came in to ask about some alteration that was to be made in a dress, and Caroline told her to bring the dress to her.

That a little aroused her. It was a beautiful evening-dress of flowered silk, and she stood over the table, where the maid laid it, consulting with her about some change in the color of the trimmings. Becoming absorbed in this, she scarcely noticed that some one had come into the hall and opened the door of the room. Some expression in the maid's countenance as she looked up, caught her attention, and she turned quickly round.

Mark was there, glancing into the room. Mark with a white aspect and a scared, dreamy look on his face. Before Caroline had time to question, in fact almost before she looked, he was gone and had closed the door again. So quiet had been the movement, so transient the vision, that Caroline spoke in her surprise.

"Was not that your master?"

"Yes, ma'am. Something was the matter, I think. He looked ill."

"I will go and see. Mind, Long, I'll decide upon pink. It is the prettiest color."

"Very well, ma'am. As you please, of course. I only think pink won't go so well with the dress as violet."

"I tell you, Long, that violet *will not* light up. You know it won't, without my having to reiterate it over to you. No color lights up so badly as violet. Pink. And let the ruchings be very full and handsome."

Speaking the last words in a peremptory tone, she went in search of Mark. He was standing upright in the dining-room, in the midst of its floor, looking more like a man lost, than a man in his composed senses.

"Mark, what's the matter?"

He turned to his wife,—he had been undecided whether to tell her or not. It was a question he was debating with himself on his way down: that is, it had been floating through his mind in a sort of under-current. To concentrate his thoughts deliberately upon one point sufficiently to debate it, was beyond the power of Mark Cray.

Mark's true disposition was showing itself now. Vacillating and unstable by nature, utterly deficient in that moral courage which meets an evil when it comes, and looks it steadily in the face to see how it may be best dealt with, the blow of that morning had taken away what little sense Mark possessed. He was as a frightened child; a ship without a rudder; he was utterly unable to distinguish what his proper course ought to be; he did not know where to go or what to do: his chief thought was, to run away from the torrent that had broken loose. He must hide himself from the storm, but he could not face it.

When he jumped into the cab, and the driver had said, "Where to, sir?" he gave his home in Grosvenor Place in answer, simply because he could not think of another direction to give in that bewildering moment: so the cab drove on. But Mark did not want to go to Grosvenor Place. He had nothing to get from there; he had no business there, and a feeling came over him that he had rather not meet his wife just then. He wanted to hide himself and his bewildered mind and his scared face in some nook of remote shelter, far from the haunts of men, where that remorseless crowd, just escaped from, would not pounce upon him. Mark had not given himself time to ascertain that their disposition was pacificatory: he was wondering rather whether they had yet pulled the office down. Neither Mark Cray nor Caroline was fitted to encounter the storms of life. So long as the sailing was smooth, it was well, but when the waves arose rough and turbulent, the one proved physically, the other morally unable to breast them.

Mark stopped the cab as it was turning into Grosvenor Place: some vague feeling prompting him that it might be safer to steal quietly into his home than to dash up to it in a cab. The tidings perhaps had travelled far and wide, and people might be already there, as well as at the offices. Mark was half determined to make the best of his way at once to the scene of the Great Wheal Bang itself, the mine; and see with his own eyes whether things were so bad that they could not be mended. At least he should be away from his furious enemies in London. One, more under the influence of reason than Mark Cray, might have thought it well to ascertain whether those enemies were so furious, before running from them. When a man of no moral courage loses his presence of mind, he merits pity perhaps rather than condemnation.

"Mark, what's the matter?"

With her actual presence before him, with the pointed question on her lips, Mark Cray's indecision went completely out. He could no more have told her the truth at that moment that the golden prospects so implicitly believed in had turned to ruin, and the offices yonder were being besieged with noisy shareholders, than he could have told it to the besiegers themselves.

"The matter?" repeated Mark, at a loss for any other answer.

"You look as if something were the matter, Mark. And what have you come back for?"

"Oh, I left some—some papers at home," answered Mark, speaking as carelessly as he could. "There's nothing the matter with me. The fellow drove fast, that's all. I gave him an extra sixpence."

Perhaps Caroline did not deem this communication particularly revelent to the subject.

"What made you go away so early, Mark?" she asked. "You never settled anything about Hendon to-day?"

"Well, I don't think I can go," said Mark. "I—I'll see later. Hark!"

Mark's "hark" was spoken in echo to a thundering knock at the door. A knock and a ring enough to shake the house down. He looked round at the walls for a moment as if he wanted to make a dash into them; he stepped towards the window, hesitated, and drew away again; finally he opened the door to escape, but too late, for voices were already in the hall. Caroline looked at her husband in wondering dismay.

"Mark, what has come to you?"

"Hush!" whispered Mark, the perspiration welling up to his forehead, as he bent his head to catch the sound from those voices. "Hark! hush!"

"Is Mr. Cray at home?"

"No, sir. He went to the City early this morning."

How Mark Cray blessed his servant for the unconscious mistake, he alone could tell. The man had not seen his master come in, and had no idea he was in the house.

"Gone to the City, is he? Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, sir."

A pause. Mark's heart was beating.

"What time will he be home?"

"I don't know, sir."

Another pause.

"I suppose Mr. Barker's not here?"

"Mr. Barker? Oh dear no, sir."

And that was followed by the closing of the hall-door. Mark Cray gave a great gasp of relief, and went up-stairs to his own room.

He did not stay there above a minute. Caroline—she remembered it afterwards—heard a drawer or two opened and shut. She had been following him, but was momentarily detained by a question from her maid, who was coming out of the breakfast-room with the dress upon her arm. Caroline stopped while she answered it, and in going up the stairs she met Mark coming down.

"Who was that at the door, Mark? Who did you think it was?"

"I don't know who it was."

"You seemed alarmed. Or annoyed."

"Well," returned Mark, speaking rather fast, "and it is annoying to have business fellows coming after me to my house. Why can't they go to the offices?"

"To be sure," said Caroline, reassured. "I'd not see a soul here, if I were you."

He had been walking on towards the hall-door while he spoke. But ere he had well reached it, he turned and drew his wife into one of the rooms.

"Look here, Caroline: I'm not sure but I shall have to go down to the mines to-night. If so, it is just possible I may not be able to come here first. So you won't be alarmed if you don't see me home."

"What a hurry you must be in!" exclaimed Caroline. "Not come home first!"

"But if I do go, mind, it will be on a little private matter that I don't want known," he continued, taking no notice of the remark. "So if anybody should ask where I am, just answer that you can't tell, but that I shall be back in a day or two. Do you understand, Carine?"

"Quite well. But, Mark, you will come home first, won't you?"

"I only tell you this in case I don't come," he said evasively. "I have a good deal to do to-day. Good bye, Carine."

"But about Hendon?" she interrupted.

"Hendon? Oh, I am quite sure I shan't have time for Hendon to-day. If you don't like to go without me, we must put it off for a day or two."

He stooped to kiss her. Opening the hall-door, he stood on the steps, looking right and left; carelessly, as it seemed; in reality, cautiously. Very timorous was Mark Cray in that hour: he did not like that people should have hunted him to his very home. Then he turned to the Victoria Station, perhaps as the nearest point of refuge. He would make his way to Wales, to the mine, as straightly and speedily as he could, consistent with precaution.

Mark had been gone the best part of an hour, and it was hard upon mid-day. His wife was just deliberating whether to go shopping in the afternoon, or make calls, or pay a visit to the empty park, or take a drive out of town; which way, in short, would be the least tedious of killing the precious time that God had given her, when she was aroused by a formidable summons at the door, and the noise as of many steps and voices besieging the hall.

What next took place, Caroline never clearly remembered. Confused recollections remained to her afterwards of angry demands for Mark Cray, of indignant denials to the servant's assertion that his master was in the city: the hubbub was great, the voices were threatening. Caroline's first surprise was superseded by indignation; and that in its turn gave place to alarm.

You all know what it is to pour oil upon a spark of fire, previously ready to burst forth into a flame. When the Great Wheal Bang's shareholders had flocked to the Great Wheal Bang's offices that morning, they were on the balance, as may be said, between war and peace: somewhat uncertain in their own minds whether to treat Mark Cray and Mr. Barker as unfortunate fellow-sufferers with themselves, or to expend upon them their wrongs and their wrath. That mistake of the Great Wheal Bang's secretary—as alluded to in the last paper—turned the scale. In his dismay and confusion he inadvertently alluded to the former irruption of water, and the unlucky disclosure maddened the throng. They forthwith looked upon themselves as dreadfully injured people: in fact they jumped to the conclusion that the Great Wheal Bang itself was little better than a swindle: so apt are we all to rush into extremes. Barker did what he could to stem the torrent; but the crowd vociferously demanded to see Mark Cray. It was *he* they had known mostly in the affair, for Barker was usually at the mine. And, not finding Mark answer to their demands, some of them tore off on the spur of the moment in hansom cabs to his residence.

Caroline stood the very image of dismay. She did not show herself; she was too much alarmed; she peeped from the half-closed dining-room door, and listened, just as Mark had done a short while before. Confused words of "water" and "mine" and "swindle" and "ruin" saluted her ears; and the demands for Mark Cray became more threateningly imperative. Some movement of the door occurred; she staggered against it; and it was seen from the hall.

Perhaps it was only natural to the belligerents to conclude that Mark Cray was there. They pressed forward to the room; but upon seeing that the lady was its only occupant, the young and lovely lady in the gala morning dress and the roses chased from her face by fear, they drew back and clustered outside it.

"What is it that you want?" gasped Caroline from her trembling lips.

One of the foremost answered her. He was a gentleman, and he raised his hat and made his tone as courteous as his sense of injury allowed. They were very sorry to disturb *her*, but they must see Mr. Cray. They had come to see him, and would see him.

"I assure you that he is not here," said Caroline, her earnest voice carrying truth with it. "He has been gone some time."

"He was at the offices this morning, madam, and disappeared. We were told he had no doubt come home."

"It is true," she answered. "He went to the offices very early, and came home again about eleven o'clock for something he had forgotten, papers I think he said. He did not stay two minutes; he got them and went back again. What is it that is the matter?"

"Back to the offices?" they asked, disregarding the question.

"Yes, back to the offices. He said he must make haste, for he had a great deal to do to-day. I am sure you will find him there."

She had no suspicion that she was asserting what was not true. Whether they believed it or not—though most of them did believe it—they had no resource but to act upon it. Filing out again, they jumped into the cabs, and rattled back at the rate of nine-and-twenty miles an hour.

Leaving Mrs. Cray in a grevious state of perplexity and of distress: for they had spoken of "ruin" as connected with the mine. She was one of those who cannot bear suspense; she had no patience; no endurance, not even for an hour. In a tumult of hurry and emotion, she had her carriage brought round, called for Sara Davenal, to whom, however, she did not tell what had taken place, and drove on to the City almost as fast as those cabs had driven, to get an explanation of Mark.

The cabs had arrived previously, and their occupants found they had been deceived. No Mark Cray was at the offices or had been there since his first departure from them. They burst bounds, in tongue at anyrate, and talked of warrants, and prosecutions, and various inconvenient things. Other shareholders joined in the general fury, and it may perhaps be excused to them that when the carriage of Mark Cray suddenly appeared in the general melee, they turned their rage upon it.

That is, they pressed round it and saluted it with reproaches not at all soft or complimentary. Possibly in the moment's blind anger, they did not see that Mark himself was not its occupant. They were, on the whole, men who knew how to behave themselves, and would have desisted, perhaps apologised, when they had had time and calmness to see that only ladies were there: but that time was not allowed them.

One came, with his tall, strong form, his pale, resolute, haughty face, and pushed them right and left, as he laid his hand on the carriage door.

"Are you *mad?*" he asked. "Don't you see that you are terrifying these ladies? Stand back. I had thought—"

"Oh, Oswald, save us! save us!" came the interrupting cry, as Caroline Cray caught his hand. "What is it all? what has happened?"

He got her out of the carriage and into some adjacent offices, whose friendly doors were opened to them. Sara followed, unmolested, and Oswald went back to rescue, if might be, the carriage. But the gentlemen had been a little recalled to common sense by the incident; and the carriage was no longer in danger. Smashing Mark Cray's carriage would not make good their losses, or bring forth him who was missing. Oswald returned to Mrs. Cray.

"It is all right again now," he said. "The carriage is waiting for you a little further off. Shall I take you to it?"

"But I want to go into the offices, Oswald," she feverishly rejoined. "I want to see Mark. I must see him."

"Mark is not at the offices. Neither would it be well that you should go there just now."

"Not at the offices! where is he then?"

"I don't know where he is. I should like to find him."

He spoke in a cold, proud, bitter tone, and it struck dismay to the heart of Mrs. Cray. Indeed Oswald's frame of mind was one of the most intense bitterness. He had been plausibly defrauded out of his money; his pride, his sensitive honor, his innate justice, had been wounded to the core. All this disgrace Mark Cray had been earning for himself; Mark his half-brother!

"But I must see Mark," she reiterated in a helpless manner. "Don't you know where I can go to find him, Oswald?"

"I do not indeed."

"I want to know what has happened. I heard them speak of ruin; of water in the mine. Can you tell me?"

"News has come up that an irruption of water has taken place. I find it is not the first: but the other, they say, was not serious."

"And this is ruin?"

"I fear so."

"But what right have those men to be so angry, so excited against Mark? He did not let the water in."

Oswald made no answer. If Mark had treated those shareholders with the duplicity that he had treated him, they had certainly a very good right to be angry and excited.

Mrs. Cray turned to the door in her restlessness, to take a reconnoitring glimpse of the state of affairs outside. Mark might have come up! might be in the midst of the mob! Sara, who had waited for the opportunity, drew near to Oswald Cray, and spoke in a whisper.

"Is it ruin?"

"Irretrievable—as I believe," he answered, his voice unconsciously assuming a strange tenderness as he looked at her pale, sad face.

"Ruin for Mark Cray, perhaps for many others."

And the words fell like a shock of ice on her heart. What would become of her engagement to pay Mr. Wheatley? (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ "Cuffee, is that the second bell?" "No, massa, dat's de second ringing ob de fuss bell. We habn't got no second bell in dis hotel."

Fortune Telling.

The following are some of the rules by which fortune tellers profess to be guided in their practice of astrology:—

January.—He that is born in January will be laborious and a lover of good wine, be very subject to infidelity, yet he will be complacent, and withal a fine singer. The woman born in this month will make a good housewife, rather melancholy, but yet good-natured.

February.—The man born in the month of February will love money much, but ladies more. He will be stingy at home, but prodigal abroad. The lady will be humane and affectionate to her mother.

March.—The man born in March will be rather handsome, but he will be honest and prudent. He will die poor. The lady will be passionate, jealous, and a chatterbox.

April.—The man who has the misfortune to be born in April will be subject to maladies; he will travel to his disadvantage, for he will marry a rich heiress, who will make—what you no doubt understand. The lady born this month will be tall and stout, with agreeable wit and great talk.

May.—The man born in the month of May will be handsome and amiable; he will make his wife happy. The lady will be equally blest in every respect.

June.—The man born in the month of June will be of small stature, and passionately fond of children. The lady will be a personage fond of coffee, and will marry young.

July.—The man born in the month of July will be fat, and suffer death for the woman he loves. The female of this month will be passionately handsome, with a sharp nose, and a fine bust; she will be of rather sulky temper.

August.—The man born in the month of August will be ambitious and courageous; he will have two wives. The lady will be amiable and twice married, but her second husband will cause her to regret the first.

September.—He who was born in September will be strong and prudent, but will be too easy with his wife, who will give him great uneasiness. The lady will be round faced and fair-haired, witty, discreet, and loved by her friends.

October.—The man born in this month will have a handsome face and florid complexion. He will be wicked and inconstant. He will promise one thing and do another, and remain poor. The lady will be pretty, a little fond of talking, will have two or three husbands who will die with grief—she will best know why.

November.—The man born this month will have a fine face, and be a gay deceiver. The lady of this month will be large, liberal, and full of novelty.

December.—The man born in this month will be a good sort of person, though passionate. He will devote himself to politics, and be beloved by his wife. The lady will be amiable and handsome, with a good voice and well-proportioned body, and very honest.

Indian Justice.

Many years ago, when a gentleman from the central part of New Hampshire was in the Pequawket country, attending to his property near the village of Fryeburg, a company of Indians from the Penobscot tribe came there for a temporary abode, and pitched their tents on an elevation near the Saco river. In passing to his lands he noticed a squaw kneeling to pick strawberries, and creeping to different parts of the patch that furnished the fruit. Her attitude struck him as singular; but he concluded she took that posture as most convenient for the purpose.

On his return she had disappeared, and he supposed had gone to sell berries. But as he approached the settlement, he observed the unusual sight of an Indian carrying a squaw on his back. A nearer view showed him the person whom he saw in the strawberry field. After having witnessed the occurrence several times, on inquiry of the Indians as to the cause of this action, one of them replied:—"He bad Indian. He drink much Soccapee. He drunk, and Cheeple (devil) get in him. Then he put squaws feet in fire. They burn off." As he looked he saw they were crippled and useless. The tribe resented the cruelty, and its council were about to decide on his immediate execution. But one of the elder and wiser of the number interposed his opinion, and gave this advice:—"No shoot; make him live long as squaw live; make him carry squaw, when she want walk; when squaw die, then shoot."

The decision was in accordance with this counsel, and thus secured to the injured woman perpetual kind treatment from her husband. The fact of his own death as soon as she died, made him careful to preserve her health and life; and the punishment of bearing her as his constant burden, as well as the compelled attention to her welfare, formed a striking example of the retributive shrewdness of "Indian Justice."

FREAKS OF FASHION.—Wigs went out at last with powder, and patches, and hoops. The French Revolution brought in new fashions. Men brushed up their hair straight from their foreheads, according to the Brutus fashion of the Republic. Women cut their hair short at the back, wearing little crisp curls that left the neck entirely free, with room for an imaginary axe to fall cleanly; this mode was called *a la guillotine.* For fashion seldom approaches even the sensible; you must never expect her to be serious; she was not shocked into sobriety of demeanor even by the Reign of Terror. The scaffolds still wet and crimson, she instituted *Bals a Victime,* into which none were admissible but those whom the executioner had deprived of a relative or relatives, and every dancer was to wear a band of crape round the left arm. "Peace be to the dead, let us *dance* to their memory," as Mr. Carlyle puts it.

ARSENICAL ORNAMENTS.—A few days ago a little girl had a bunch of artificial grapes given to her. After amusing herself with the toy, she gave it to a playmate of her own age, who presently picked a grape off the bunch and sucked it. The next day she was a corpse. An eminent physician who analyzed the plaything, deposed that ten of the grapes yielded three grains of arsenic of copper—a deadly poison—and that each vine leaf on the bunch contained enough to kill a child. Another child's cupboard, in which its toys were kept, was lined with green paper. The poor little thing sickened and died, obviously from the effects of poison mysteriously imbibed. Dr. Letheby analyzed the paper-hanging of the cupboard, and found that a piece of it only six inches square contained nearly thirteen grains of the deadly compound, enough to kill two grown-up persons.—*London Inquirer.*

ONE HOUR.

A heart as changeful as the skies,
A traitorous smile that feigneth bliss,
Are fit mates to deceitful eyes,
Fit mates to a deceitful kiss;
And these are yours, I know you well,
Your heart lies open like a book.
Is there no blot? Pray closely look,
You'll say that I have spoken well.

You sought to trap me by your gaze,
To bind me with your flowing hair;
I fluttered round your beauty blaze.
You longed to laugh at my despair;
I know you well—but let that pass,
Enough! You walk your road, I mine,—
I will not say you will repine,—
I am content, so let it pass.

Enough! Whose hopes are falsified?
Not mine: my heart shall never stoop
That your heart may be gratified:
Only weak hearts lie 'neath love's coop.
My love is strong, yea, strong and proud,
Your love is childish vanity,
And all the years which are to be
Will scarcely make it strong and proud.

If you had heard the bitter word
I murmured as I mused one morn,
Indeed, you then would have averred
That all my love had turned to scorn.
A quiet hour had made the change,
A quiet hour of gentle thought:
When it was flown I turned and wrote,—
"Thrice blessèd hour that made this change."

Hearts are not playthings, lady fair,
For you and yours to toss about,
'Mid rosy warmth and frosty air,
With many a childish mocking shout.
Well, live your life; but as you play
Your very vain and petty part,
Think not that many a foolish heart
Will long to watch you as you play.

But I will live a nobler life,
And I will love, with nobler love,
A heart which, firm 'mid storm and strife,
For ever longs its faith to prove.
Oh! may some blessèd angel come,
And o'er you shed her blessèd light,
Changing to morn your heart's black night;
Oh! may this blessèd angel come.

That you may know how rich is love,
And how these riches come to all;
Like slow, soft snowflakes, from above,
Like rose-leaves falling, love-thoughts fall.
That you may curse your by-gone days,
And scatter cypress o'er their grave,
And weep, and, maybe, vainly rave,—
"Come back again, ye by-gone days!"

That great Experience, truest friend,
Who soothes our sorrows, lays at rest
The cares that with our fortunes blend,
May fold you gently to his breast,
May speak of all the days to come,
And point the path where flowers abound,
Sweet-sleeping, and with sunbeams crowned.
Oh! walk that path in days to come.

J. M. H.

A Night's Lodging in Paris.

The following tale was told to the writer of these lines some years ago by the person to whom the events therein narrated occurred. The writer immediately committed the story to paper. Though Lord ——— never showed any morbid horror at the possibility of general conversation turning on topics which might remind him of the strange incident in his life which forms the subject of the narrative, he was naturally desirous that the matter should be, as far as could be, confined to the circle of his immediate friends. As he is now dead, and has left no very near relatives, there can be little danger of causing distress to any one by the publication of his story. The names are, of course, suppressed. The tale is told, as far as possible, in Lord ———'s own words.

In 18—, before I had taken my degree in Oxford, and before, by my uncle's death, I had succeeded to the title, I made arrangements to spend the whole of the long vacation abroad. I was by no means desirous of a solitary journey, and was glad to learn that O'Brien, whose rooms were on the same staircase with my own at Brasenose, and with whom I was tolerably intimate, was also meditating a continental tour. We made arrangements for starting together at the end of the summer term, and in order to lose no time I determined not to go into Scotland to my mother before my departure, but to travel as quickly as possible to Dover. O'Brien had as little to detain him as I. We slept a night in the capital, and a night in the port, and three days after leaving Oxford were lodged in the Hotel Dessin. Neither of us had ever left England before, and we were both full of the spirit of enjoyment. The quaint costumes, the new cookery, the ponderous diligences—but I won't trouble you with a diluted road-book. I do not wish to give you my crude ideas on the state of society and the aspects of the buildings in France, but the history of one night in Paris. We reached that city, still together, but the first fortnight of our journey had taught us that we were not very well suited for companions. It was my delight to stop to sketch some tawny old market woman, in her stiff white cap; I could spend a whole day in church, and have still somewhere a portfolio full of corbels and screens and cornices, marked St. Omer, Lille, Cambrai, Amiens, and other places of smaller note. O'Brien grew terribly tired of all this. He said the scenery was detestable, he thought all the churches were shockingly out of repair, and was anxious to hasten his arrival in the French metropolis. But in Paris we were separated more than ever. In addition to the incongruity of our tastes, political feeling tended to keep us apart. We both had a fair number of introductions to families moving in good society. The friends who were most pleased with O'Brien, and with whom O'Brien was most pleased, though by birth entitled to hold their heads as high as any of the blue-blooded inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain, had been induced to give their countenance—so they regarded the transaction—to the court of the citizen king. An old friend of my mother's, married to a Marquis de ———, who took me under her special protection, assured me that it was impossible for the loyal hearts who still cherished love and hope for the (temporarily) fallen cause of the white flag, to associate with those who had degraded their race by recognizing the position of an usurpation as detestable as it would be ephemeral. I confess that I cared very little whether the older or the younger branch of the Bourbons issued the invitations for the assemblies at the Tuileries, and I had small hopes that Charles X. would be recalled. "But I grew to like Madame de ———, and, as a necessary consequence, formed different acquaintances from those of my fellow traveller. We had been in Paris about three weeks, and though we were staying in the same hotel, I had not seen O'Brien for several days. We met by accident on the staircase of the hotel.

"We are quite strangers; where are you going?"

"To call on Madame de ———."

"What! still the legitimist Marquise! Shall we dine together?"

"By all means. Meet me here at six."

O'Brien agreed, and so we parted. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon.

The day was intensely hot. Reflected backwards and forwards on the white stone house-fronts, the sun's rays seemed to scorch up all that was breatheable in the atmosphere. The stones of the streets were hot to the tread. I entered the gardens of the Tuileries, hoping to find some slight shade for my dazzled eyes. I know of few scenes brighter than those Tuileries gardens. You have seen them often, of course. The water was mounting and falling with its musical plash in the shallow basin, wherein two little boys, under the superintendence of a black-eyed bonne, were swimming their toy-boats. More children and more nurses were playing among the orange trees. Two or three National Guards were lounging about. Nor were other uniforms wanting to give color to the picture. The tri-colored bunting flapped lazily over the dome of the palace. A man in a queer snuffy-brown coat walked by: he had on green spectacles, and his button-hole showed a shred of ribbon. You wonder how I remember all this? You have no idea how indelibly the scene is stamped on my memory. It was the first time. But you must hear all in order. I sat for perhaps twenty minutes listening idly to the plashing fountain, wondering whether Auguste or Jules—he must have been either Auguste or Jules—would get his boat within reach by judiciously shelling over it with pebbles, fancying now Napoleon pinching some honored ear, or the longed-for Louis doing over his favorite Horace in that very garden, watching the figure of the man in the brown coat and the green spectacles, growing "fine by degrees" in the narrowing vista of trees. Then I thought of Madame de ——— and my visit; but remembered that it would be more decorously paid in the evening than in the afternoon. What should I do with myself? I felt strangely disinclined to move. And my head? What is it that seems to weigh it down? Is it the sun and the heat? I never felt anything like it before. The pain attacked me suddenly. Pain! It was hardly pain. Perhaps the sensation cannot be described to those who have not felt it. I had suffered from violent headache for some days; but my head did not ache now. It felt dull and heavy. My natural impulse was to lift my hand to my brow. I willed the movement of my arm, if I may so express myself; but no movement resulted. I had no power to stir. I then became sensible that my respiration grew feebler, and that there was a kind of lull in the pulsation of my heart. It is difficult for me, as I have said already, to describe my condition. I can only say that I seemed suddenly to have less life in me; my vital powers seemed to dwindle down to the smallest possible force. I existed, because I was conscious, but that was all. My senses remained to me; but not all in equal strength. The plashing of the fountain was as distinct as before the paroxysm; my eyesight was slightly dimmed. Whether I could smell or taste, of course I could not tell. Of touch I had hardly any sense at all. All this I tell you at this point, for at the moment of my attack I seemed thoroughly aware of my condition. One thing only excepted. For ten minutes, as I should imagine, I sat wondering at what had befallen me. Then I bethought me of calling for help. There were a score of people within the sound of my voice. I willed to cry; but there was no sound. My tongue refused to articulate. I was horror-struck; but I was sensible of none of the usual symptoms of horror. My heart did not beat more quickly. I could feel no sweat on my brow. Was this death? No; it could not surely be death. I had all my wits about me; and all my impressions were mundane. The life of Paris was moving round me just as it was wont. I alone was motionless. Then there flashed across me the recollection of a strange tale of cataleptic seizure, in which my grandfather's name had figured. I remembered that my mother had seemed distressed that the subject should be mentioned; the guest who had made casual allusion to it turned the conversation, and I had really thought little more about the matter. I remembered two mysterious expressions in the letters which I had received from my mother immediately before my departure from England—expressions which, when read in the light of my present brief experience, led me to the opinion that my family must be cursed by some fearful hereditary evil, an evil which my mother had never yet dared to communicate to me. "I am very anxious," she had written, "about your journey. Of course you will not travel alone. Who is to be your companion? Do I know him? I know that you like society, my dear boy, and I should be sorry to think of your wandering through strange cities alone. Nothing is more melancholy. Pray let me know if you are intimate with your proposed *compagnon de voyage*, and if you are likely to remain together for the whole of your tour." All these thoughts flashed through my brain in a very few seconds. I knew that I must have fallen into a kind of trance. I felt horror and alarm, of a vague and indefinite kind; but I also felt intense curiosity. What would befall me? How long should I sit in those Tuileries gardens? Would the fit soon leave me?

I was sitting on a seat with a back to it, a few feet removed from the main alley of the garden. My arms were folded, my head was slightly drooped on my breast, my legs were crossed. There was nothing in my attitude to attract attention, so I sat rigid and immovable for what seemed to me an age. I imagined all kinds of possible terminations of my adventure. I should be found, of course. I should be carried to my hotel; doctors would be sent for, I should learn what was the matter, and I should probably recover; these fits were rarely of long duration. Carried to my hotel! They would find my pocket-book in my pocket, containing letters addressed a Monsieur ———, Hotel de ———. Would they? Was my pocket-book in its place? I could not feel. Suppose the pocket-book was left, as was sometimes the case, in another coat? What other means of identification would remain? A seal with a coat of arms on it, a hat with an English maker's name; neither of much use in Paris. But what matter was it who I was, or where I lived? I should of course be taken to the Hotel Dieu. What will they do to me, I wonder? Will they —ha! what was that?

It was the bonne who spoke. Alphonse, or Jules, in his infantile gyrations, had stumbled against me. He knocked one leg off the other, and the shock threw me into a posture so obtrusively unnatural, that I could not longer remain unnoticed. The nurse stopped short in her expostulation.

"Mais, mon Dieu! He is dead!"

No, I am not dead, I thought; but I am very glad that you have found out that I am not wholesomely alive. Now I shall be properly cared for. In a very few moments I was the centre of a small crowd, and presently two or three gendarms shouldered their way through the starers. They lifted me up, and laid me along the bench. I felt—no, I did not feel; I was aware that I was quite stiff. One of them put his hand on my breast, and held it there awhile.

"His heart does not beat—nor his pulse. He is dead."

The little group of bystanders fell back some paces, and a search was commenced in my pockets for some name or address. I was excited by the thought of this search. You see how difficult it is for me to express myself. I cannot say "I trembled," "I held my breath," "my pulse beat quicker;" there was no palpable evidence of my agitation. But I was excited.

No, there was no pocket-book. My heart sank; at least I felt as though my heart ought to have sunk. I cannot tell how long this search occupied. My consciousness seemed now to become a little duller. Not by any means lost: only a little less acute than in ordinary life. In the meanwhile a stretcher had been brought to the ground. I was lifted thereon, something was put over my face, and they bore me away. I could hear the fountain plashing, and the many children's voices ringing through the avenues. Oh, that I could have spoken! Oh, for power to say but one word!

We passed out of the garden; I could not be sure in which direction. By the noise of traffic I perceived that we entered the crowded street. Presently we stopped; a door was opened and shut, and the hum of the moving world ceased. I was sensible that I was no longer being carried along, and guessed aright that I was in some office of the police. Here, I thought, the worst of my troubles must end. They will send for a doctor; he will know of the probable duration of the fit, and will take such measures as will mollify its own painful symptoms, or perhaps release me from it altogether. From the confused murmur of several voices in conversation which sounded in my ears, I gathered that in a room communicating with that in which I lay the officials were deliberating on my condition. I could not distinguish the words. Presently the voices grew plainer, and the speakers were evidently approaching. The face-cloth was removed. There were the same gendarmes who had discovered me in the garden, accompanied by several more. And with them—yes, there was no doubt of it—with them entered the little old gentleman in the brown coat and green spectacles, whom I remembered to have seen before my seizure. This, then, was the long-desired physician; he would tell these blunderers that I was not dead.

"He is stiff already. Such is not unfrequently the case in disease of the heart. I should have believed him dead before the hour which you say. In the garden of the Tuileries? I made there a promenade myself this afternoon. And neither name nor address? That is droll. Ah! it is already six hours! And I am invited to dine in a quarter of an hour! Poor young man! Close his eyelids, Louis; they have an expression quite living. Monsieur will permit me to sign the proces-verbal without delay? Let us go."

So much for my hopes of the doctor. A door shut, and there was silence.

I began now to realize the awful horror of my position. Officially declared to be dead, I experienced all those emotions which are said to be felt by the dying in cases where an accident plunges them from the enjoyment of health and life to the immediate prospect of passing to another world. My past actions rose in swift succession in my thoughts. I reflected on the frivolity of many of my occupations, on the time I had thrown away, and the small use I had been to anybody. I remembered that my mother's last letter, full, as were all her letters, of expressions of the fondest endearment, had not been answered. And that lie that I had told at school!—and my young life cut off horribly and mysteriously, none to be near me dying, none to know what had become of me. And O'Brien, he would be waiting to dine with me. Where would he dine? I wondered. What would he do to find me? Perhaps I might yet recover before—before what? Frightful, damning thought. I was dead; I should be buried. I tried to pray. It was not death I feared, I said to myself; it was the manner of death.

Yet through all this I must confess that my agony was not so intense as now, knowing the circumstances in which I was placed, I should suppose it might have been. From apathy or hope, my mind was very calm; and I was very curious. I speculated on what would befall me almost as though I had been the unconcerned spectator of the adventures of another.

And what did "*la bas*" mean? The voice of authority had spoken of carrying me "*la bas*." The door opened again. My eyelids were closed now, and I could not see who entered. I need hardly say that I could not open my eyes. The voices were none of those which I had already heard. I was lifted again. The sounds of the street fell on my ear with a sound slightly dulled, and I felt that I was covered with some kind of cloth. My bearers walked for some ten or fifteen minutes. There was a fresh sound of opening and shutting doors, and I was thrown rudely on some hard surface; not laid decently as I had been in the office of the gendarme, but thrown down like a worthless burden. Could I complain? Was I not officially dead?

But what was this? I felt rough pecks at my arms and legs. I was being stripped of my clothes. Was this for the coffin? I thought now that all was over, and I felt weary and confused. A partial blunting of my senses spared me much of the pain I must otherwise have suffered. I waited, still perfectly conscious of all that was going on around me, as far as any one can be conscious of what he does not see, and wondering what would happen next. I was stripped of my clothes—stripped entirely. Then I was carried through another door. A faint and sickly stench immediately smote my sense of smell. I was laid down on my back on an inclined surface, my head somewhat higher than my feet. A horrible chill ran through me. Was this the grave? I could not tell. Nothing covered me, with the exception of a cloth which had been thrown over my loins. Was I in a coffin, waiting for a pauper's burial on the morrow? Oh, God! to what should I awake!

No. It could not be the grave. It must be—the thought flashed across me in an instant. How came it that I had not thought of it before? That of course was the destination of the unclaimed dead. That of course was what was meant by the *la bas* of the gendarme. I was in the Morgue!

You may think it strange, but my first feeling was one of relief. To be buried alive was my great dread. That fate was certainly postponed. Perhaps I might be saved from it altogether. So for some time I lay congratulating myself on the renewed probability of my safety. I should lie here, perhaps, for days. It would be remarked that my body showed no signs of decomposition. Possibly O'Brien would seek me in this grim receptacle of the dead. At any rate, there was hope. Should I starve to death? No; surely in cases of catalepsy the appetite is all but dead. The little life left in the body requires but little sustenance. At least, I felt no hunger. There was hope!

Then came a re-action. This horrible place that I was in! and I bound hand and foot, as tightly as Lazarus in his grave-clothes. A deadly cold seemed to chill all my frame. And always that faint fetid stench telling me of my—hideous thought!—of my companions. I was not alone. I began to speculate on the appearance of the place. I had heard what it was like. I had never seen it. I pictured to myself the maimed and rotting corpse of some unhappy suicide, recovered too late from the current of the Seine; for such suicides, I had heard, were the most frequent denizens of the Morgue. How close was I to that loathsome body? Could I touch it if I were able to put out my hand?

Filled with these fearful fancies, I hoped that the fit might not leave me till it was day. My blind helplessness was a sort of protection to me. To have all my horrors of life restored to me, and to be imprisoned for hours in that hideous place, would kill me in reality, I thought. It was better to lie there impotent as I was. If only I could sleep; if only I could escape from that consciousness which was all that was left to me.

I lay tortured and distracted by these reflections for what seemed to me to be many hours. Soon, I expected, it would be day. And then?

But now a strange shiver shot all over my frame. The blood seemed to rush to my head and fill it with violent darting pains. A tingling, somewhat resembling that of cramp, ran along my extremities. Did these mean that the paroxysm was coming to an end—that I could move—that I could speak? I hardly wished the surmise to be true as yet. The pain in my head grew more acute. Instinctively I willed to lift my hand, and press it on my aching forehead. The limb obeyed the volition.

You will, perhaps, understand me when I say that, though this movement of my arm came to me as a kind of order of release, I yet hesitated to make trial of my recovered powers. I still kept my eyelids down. I held my hand fixed on my brow. Then the idea sprang up in my brain of using all my force to try to effect my escape from my foul prison. I made a low sound with my voice. I then muttered several articulate words. My tongue obeyed me. I moved my arm to my side again, and raised one of my legs. The pain in my head was less. The shivering had altogether ceased. Still I was affected by a strange weariness—a disinclination to use the smallest exertion. Courage! I thought—up and save yourself! I slowly opened my eyes. A little light from a dull moon struggled in through a skylight over my head, and by its help I could distinguish with tolerable clearness the aspect of my lodging. Immediately in front of me it shimmered on panes of glass. Through these, as I surmised, my friends would seek me. It fell on some six or seven hard cold beds of stone or metal, like the slabs in a fishmonger's shop. On several it showed nothing but the smooth shining surface. On two others, besides my own, it rested with a dull gleam on something that had once contained the spirit of a man. One of these corpses looked little more deadly than I did myself. It was lying next to my own couch, and I could clearly see the fair and gentle features of a well-looking lad of some fifteen or sixteen years, drowned, in all likelihood, in the river that ran behind me. His face showed few or no signs of a violent death. A slight abrasion on his cheek-bone was all the disfigurement. His close-cropped curly hair looked full of life, and his lips were almost smiling. The other body was as far removed from me as the size of the room would permit. I could just see a mass of bloated and discolored flesh. The moon seemed to make a kind of foul halo over its misshapen outline. The stench of the dead smote my nostrils again, and I turned to the wall with a shudder. I looked behind me. There all the clothes of the dead were hanging, waiting the recognition of the interested, or the criticisms and jests of the inquisitive. I now rose, and, groping among my own, partly dressed myself with as little delay as possible, for I was bitterly cold. But I did this with difficulty; I was very weak. Now, I thought, is there any one near me who will hear me cry out? The work-people will probably be soon going out to their labor; or perhaps some gendarme is left to watch in the precincts of this place. What time was it, exactly? I wondered. I felt for my watch in my pockets, but it was not to be found. Then I tried the door—locked tight; the windows—fast too. Here my strength failed me. I tried to knock on the panes of glass, but I felt myself sinking to the ground. I tried to call aloud, but my cry was very feeble. After this, I remember nothing more of the night. Worn out with pain and anxiety, utterly exhausted by the attack to which I had been subjected, I became totally insensible.

When I came to myself again it was broad daylight. I found myself lying crouched up in a corner of the room. I lifted my eyes for a moment to the bodies on the two occupied slabs, with a strange fancy that they, too, might have been shut up alive. The corpse of the youth was just as it had been in the night, lying as if asleep. And the other? How should that be again a receptacle of life? Bronzed and swollen, it was a loathsome sight to see. For an instant I said, "It is the body of a negro." It was no negro; it had not that black skin in life. And a sight like that is the attraction for a crowd every day. But I was in no condition to indulge in reflections on others; I was too weak to think for myself. I lay still, huddled in the corner, waiting.

At last a key rattled in a lock. The functionary in charge of the establishment opened a door, not the door of the part of the room in which were the bodies, but a door opening into the little passage behind the windows. I could see him through the panes of glass, proceeding along the passage; but he did not turn his head. I made as loud a cry as my strength would allow. He was just disappearing through the farther door, when he suddenly turned and looked through the glass. Under any other circumstances I should have smiled at the man's expression of ludicrous perplexity. His eyes opened to their utmost extent, and he nervously twisted his finger in an end of his moustache. I beckoned feebly with my hand. In another minute he was by my side.

Muttering some words between his teeth, he took hold of my hand, perceived in an instant how utterly weak and helpless I was, lifted me in his arms, and carried me out of the Morgue. I have never seen my one night's lodging since.

Now I was able to tell where I could be taken. And now the worst of my troubles were over; but the fit left lasting and severe effects. I was not able to leave my room for a fortnight, and during that time only very gradually recovered my shattered strength.

Assured by my physicians that I was in no vital danger, I did not distress my mother by informing her of my condition. But as soon as I was strong enough to travel I left Paris, and travelled as rapidly as was possible to our northern home. My mother was terribly agitated when she saw that I had been ill; more so than was explicable by the mere fact of my having suffered from a malady which had both come and gone.

On hearing my narrative of all that had befallen me she wept passionately, and accused herself as the cause of much of my suffering, inasmuch as she "had not told me before." I then learned that the fearful disease to which I had fallen a victim was hereditary in my family. It did not attack father and son in regular succession, but, like the more dire affliction of insanity, lighted capriciously now on one and now on another; but it preserved so much of regularity in its visitations that it never slumbered for more than a generation. If it spared a father, it was almost certain that it would fall upon one of his sons. My own father had passed through life with no personal experience of the family curse, dying when I was about nine years old. My uncle was equally fortunate. My grandfather was seized at intervals of time varying from two to four years, being smitten first when about twenty years of age. The great uncle of my grandfather, there was little doubt, had been buried alive in Paris, sojourning there as part of the suite of the hapless Queen Henrietta Maria. I was, as you know, the last of my line. My poor mother, who had learned the family secret from my father on his death-bed, knew that unless the curse had died out, I should be, in the natural order of things, its next victim. She was divided between her sense of the obligation she was under to inform me of my danger, and so enable me to take proper precautions to meet it, and her desire to spare me the pain of anticipation of so great a calamity. When I had passed the age of twenty-one in security, she had hoped that I might be spared. She was, nevertheless, ever anxious concerning me; and you can understand the apprehensions that were roused by my announcement of my intended journey to Paris.

You will understand, also, why I have never travelled alone. At the time I tell you this (I am just thirty-five) I have been attacked altogether eight times by a cataleptic fit, similar to that which I have described to you.

You may be sure that since that first time I have taken precautions which have saved me from more than the necessary suffering. In my earliest youth I never was very wild or thoughtless; but the solemn experiences of the hours of the night of my sojourn in the Morgue made, as you will believe, no light impression on me. I was brought palpably in contact with my own death, and the lesson was better than fifty sermons. But I will spare you my moralizings. I have never married, and I never shall. And O'Brien, the man who was with me in Paris? He was just coming out of our hotel as I drove up in the morning in a fiacre, supported by a gendarme, and some doctor employed by the police.

"My dear fellow!" he said. (Poor O'Brien! He went to the bar, and died of a decline only two years ago. I seem to see him now pulling on his gloves in his cool way.) "My dear fellow! where the deuce have you been? I had such a jolly little dinner at the 'Trois Freres,' after waiting an hour for you, by-the-bye. Where have you slept? Anywhere?"

"In the Morgue."

He had to hear the story from the doctor, for I was too weak to talk.

Curiosities of the Earth.

In digging at the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, when the workmen arrive at the depth of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills this newmade well, which continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor droughts. But that which is most remarkable is, that at the depth of fourteen feet are found the remains of an ancient city—paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic. Underneath is a soft earth made up chiefly of vegetable matters; and at twenty-six feet deep large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still on the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells; and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under it vegetables are found again with leaves and branches of trees, as before.

THE "RECOIL" OF THE HEART.—It would appear, from the carefully-conducted investigations of M. Hefelse.n, that the heart *recoils* after every contraction, somewhat in the same manner as cannon which has just been fired. The writer states that the moment the ventricles contract and pour their volume of blood into the aorta and pulmonary artery, the double liquid jet which is thus produced necessarily determines a movement of the heart in the opposite direction; that is to say, an actual recoil movement at every pulsation. The reason why, during its contraction, it assumes its proper position, is that the elasticity of the surrounding structures neutralizes the effect of the recoil.

The Southern Refugees.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA ST. AUBYN.

Some one has said that "one half the world knows nothing of what the other half suffers," and I believe it. I have thought of it often when amid gay and merry throngs, my thoughts suddenly fled away to scenes beggaring description. In the hours of highest mirth and keenest enjoyment, memories come up to me with a sting of reproach, freezing the smile upon my lips, the joyful mirth in my heart. I ask myself then if it is not a sin to be gay and forgetful, when tides of human life flow redly through our beloved land? Whatever it may be for others, I have decided at last that I cannot do it blamelessly—knowing what I know—feeling what I feel—and until America can wear an universal smile of joy and triumph, I, for one, will ignore the pleasures of the gay world, and give myself up to the cares claiming the attention of every loyal woman in the land.

If any eyes fall upon this page casually, let them not wander away with careless indifference, or shrink from the Truth which may open those eyes to a Duty till now unseen. It is for such that I now write. It is for you, ye light-hearted, fashionable ladies, who realize nothing of the misery entailed upon our country through this war, because you have shaken your silken robes only over velvet carpets, and stayed your dainty feet from pressing the rough stones and through the dreary alleys that lead into the fearful haunts of suffering and want. Are you blameless through ignorance? Oh, no. We cannot reach Heaven by continual upward-looking at the stars set in the clear, blue firmament. Our eyes must fall to the ground, that we may see the needs of our fellow creatures, and through God's mercy to us—help them to bear their burthens till the days of labor are ended, and the Father says to His joyful children—"Come up higher."

That it is "more blessed to give than to receive" who will deny that has tasted the sweetness of blessings from dying lips? Hundreds will toil and fret and labor for weeks in the anticipation of one night's pleasure, only to whirl for a few brief hours in a giddy throng, and enter homes with tired limbs, and, perchance, a heartache. But those whose weary forms bend daily and nightly over the poor and lowly suffering of Christ's children, feel an inward light and joy that deadens the sense of pain. The sound of a simple "God bless you," through tremulous, pale lips, is sweeter than the richest strain of music—and the glimpses of Heavenly glory caught through the "pearly gates" as they swing softly to welcome a departing soul from "death unto life," will exceed all the magnificence and splendor of earthly palaces beyond comparison. This life is brief, unsatisfactory and fleeting at best; Heaven or Hell is *Eternity*.

It may seem superfluous to dwell upon a theme that everybody knows by heart. Hospital scenes have been recorded until all are familiar with them—but if you will permit me, reader, I will throw the door open upon another phase of life, and if you can look on unmoved, with no stirrings of divine pity and sympathy—I will not be your judge.

The headquarters of the ——— Army Corps was a large, beautiful building, and we took possession of it in the spring of '64 with not a little satisfaction. The rooms were numerous and comfortable, and by a little careful management we got enough furniture together to serve our purposes admirably. When all the arrangements were completed, I looked about me with the joyousness of a child, and, for the moment, gave myself up to anticipations of something like ease and pleasure, after long, tedious journeyings, and the hardships attendant upon the removal of headquarters from one point to another.

It was early spring—fair, genial and pleasant in the South. Even then the young, tender grass was shooting up greenly in the yard, and the little birds twittered blithely from the swinging boughs of the tall evergreens about the door. How strangely novel and lovely everything seemed. The garden even held in store a welcome of sweetscented violets and hyacinths—little pets unseen outside of conservatory walls in the cold, bleak North, at this season of the year. Indeed, everything about us seemed so charming, I could not help the building up of a few bright, airy castles, selfish though it was. I looked at my carpet—my sofa—my little pile of books on the table, where also lay my portfolio, temptingly filled with cream-white paper, and thought "Ah, what a—nice, cozy time I shall have."

Perhaps this happy anticipation will appear more excusable when I say that the number of sick and wounded then in the hospitals was very few, and these well attended by officers who were idle when not engaged with them. There seemed to be no other calls upon my time, therefore, than to try to make myself and those around me as happy as possible—visiting the hospitals only occasionally to prove my sympathy and good will.

Several days passed away in this comfortable frame of mind, when I was suddenly startled from my serenity by a fearful announcement. The rebels had risen up against the women and children within their lines, and they had driven them out by hundreds, seizing their scanty means, and leaving them destitute to wander off in search of aid and protection.

These people had friends in the Federal service, of course—hence this cruelty. But until that time I never dreamed that people could suffer what they were made to suffer, and live.

When the news came that the "Refugees were swarming into our lines," I was reading "Gail Hamilton's" article upon "Compromise" in "Country Living and Country Thinking," and I confess to a strong feeling of reluctance to laying it aside. I tried to persuade myself that an hour or two would not make any difference, but strange memories began to haunt me with pertinacious power, and filled me with a restless anxiety I could not shake off. I remembered the evenings at Corinth, after its evacuation, when the Refugees had come in upon the trains in large numbers, half starved and destitute of money or clothing beyond what they wore. Gen. M'Pherson was then superintendent of the military-railroads there, and I shall never forget the deep, pitying look of his eyes as he glanced upward to my window, where I stood tearfully regarding this miserable mass of humanity. I recognized in him then a nobility few saw, when he stretched his arms forth to help some poor old man or woman as they tottered to the platform from the height of cotton bales, or to lift some little ragged child—white or black—gently to the ground. I thought of the misery of those people there, and what labor it had cost us to save them from starvation. Could assistance be less imperatively needed now? I had no reason to believe that they were less in want, wandering as they had done from their desolated homes into our midst, and conscience stung me out of my cozy nest—away from my fascinating employment. As I passed beyond the threshold and entered the ambulance that stood waiting my orders, a thrill of shame swept through me at the sight of a squalid troop that crept hesitatingly toward business headquarters.

My driver was dispatched for a pass through the "picket lines," in case it should be needed, and while he was gone, a negro boy told me of a family that were "starving to death," just a little beyond the limits of the town. I made up my mind to go there first, leaving those within the place to the mercy of those who saw their needs, and when the driver came, I bade him drive as rapidly as possible to the place.

After driving about one mile and a half, we came to an old house before which little fires were kindled, and the pickets sat by and chatted while on "guard." I leaned forward and asked them some questions.

"Are there people ill in that house—refugees?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Very ill?"

"Think they are."

"How long have they been here?"

"Three or four days."

"How is it, then, that none of you have reported it at headquarters. Have you no feeling of pity in you for those poor creatures?"

"Well, ma'am, *I* have, for one, but this is my first day on duty. I was sent to relieve a boy who is sick and was sent to the hospital yesterday. It was me that sent word to town about them, by one of the niggers at headquarters. He must have told somebody."

Waiting to say no more, I bade the man drive on, and the next moment alighted before the door.

All the lower rooms were bleak and desolate. The windows were broken, the floors covered with heaps of shattered plastering, sticks, and broken glass. Failing here to find any trace of human life, I mounted the stairs to the second floor, and stood mute with consternation upon the threshold of the wretched chamber.

This, like the room below, was open, bleak and dreary. A faint spark of fire glowed in the midst of a great heap of ashes upon the hearth, and before it, upon the bare, dirt-strewn floor, lay the insensible bodies of a mother and her son—a boy of about fourteen years of age. Upon beds made of straw and old clothing, lay two daughters of about eighteen and twenty, likewise insensible from suffering. They occupied the farthest corner of the room; and in another corner, close to the mother, were two more children upon an old bed—probably the only thing they had succeeded in saving from the household wreck—and one was dead—the other too ill to help himself to a cup of water!

My heart ached—my eyes grew dim. For one moment I breathed despairingly "*what* can I do, oh, what can I do?" In the next, a willing brain found a way in which to direct its energies, and I flew down stairs in eager haste, to the driver, who quietly awaited my orders.

"Go back to headquarters and tell the medical director to send me the articles marked down upon this paper," I said, tearing a leaf from my diary and writing upon it. "You had better take out one of the horses, and have the other fastened securely in the yard. Hasten, for it is a matter of life and death."

He obeyed me readily, and in a moment or two after I went up stairs, I heard the horses' feet clattering down the road in the direction of A———.

An old adage says "Where there is a will, there is a way," and I realized its truth that day, if I never did before. There seemed absolutely nothing to do anything with, when I came to look about me for means to accomplish the ends in view. One tin-cup and a water-pail, half full of water, constituted the furniture of the room; and a thorough search through the house and negro quarters, failed to produce anything better than an old tea-kettle with a broken nose, a sauce-pan cracked down one side, and a large tin pan, too full of tiny, rust-eaten holes for any other use than that I put it to—that of relieving the hearth of its too great abundance of ashes.

I found a little negro girl curiously peeping round, and pressed her into service to carry out the ashes, while one of the soldiers on picket duty, kindly cut up an armful of wood to build a fire. This done, I filled the tea-kettle and set it on the logs to heat, while I went out into the field to *get a broom*. This may sound oddly to the uninitiated, but for the benefit of the ignorant I will say that there is a tall, coarse kind of grass that grows South in the old fields and waste places, called "Broom sedge," which when gathered and tied together, makes a tolerable broom. It enabled me to sweep a place large enough to draw the sick into, and by dint of much pulling and lifting, I finally succeeded in getting the room free of clay and ashes. The kind-hearted soldier gave me an old blanket he had outside, which I spread upon the floor to lay the dead child upon, covering the little stiffened form from sight while I worked. The mother was soon in his place upon the rude bed, and then began the task of bathing their faces and hands.

By the time this was finished, the boy came back with the articles I had sent for—some hot punch, in bottles—dried apples—bread—tea—sugar, and butter, with some potatoes and onions. I was exultant now. Before this generous supply, want shrank abashed, and the groans of the sick sounded positively sweet to my ears, since they proved that life was not yet extinct. I could not have borne to think they had all died almost within sound of my voice, while I sat in easy ignorance of their fate! That would have proved a bitter cup, to the end of my days.

The punch was administered first, all round—then I made some tea and turned it into the tin cup—small portions at a time, which with crackers broken into it, I forced them to swallow. In less than an hour, the moans and broken exclamations subsided, and they slept almost peacefully!

Darkness came at last, and I must go home! There was no help for it. Other duties as pressing, claimed my attention. But I found an old negro woman who promised to take my place, and watch with them through the night—for a consideration. So, leaving them to her care, I entered the ambulance to return to town, feeling exceedingly weary, but glad and grateful to have been instrumental in relieving suffering of such magnitude.

The rain had begun to fall by this time, and came down in a brisk shower as we drove through the streets by the depot. There I observed that the whole platform and building, where a human being could creep for shelter, had been filled up—and some unable to get under a protecting roof, were gathered about fires in the open air, the rain pattering upon the little children, who clung to their mothers' dresses and wept piteously.

Such experiences as this were not new to me. I was but living over the old time at Corinth; yet it affected me strangely. Perhaps I had grown more thoughtful as I grew older, and through suffering learned to sympathize more deeply with suffering. Not a few of my best beloved and honored friends had fallen, leaving my heart tender for blows that might come hereafter. This was one that wounded me. I was touched most deeply, when touched through remembrance of pain. Every heart-pang found a responsive throb in my own.

Lights blazed from every room in the house, and the table looked invitingly tempting, with its array of nice dishes, around which merry faces gathered as the officers came in and took their places; but I could not eat that night. Those pinched and pallid faces of little wailing children rose up before my eyes, and arrested the food ere it touched my lips. It was with difficulty that I could command myself long enough to utter an excuse and withdraw from the room, which I did amid smiles and exchanged glances. Even the sweet, earnest face of General Granville's wife relaxed as one of the officers remarked jestingly:

"Mrs. ——— found those refugees too much for her appetite, I guess,"—and then a general laugh followed.

Alas! even in the midst of woe, there are few to care for the most wretched of human beings, with a care that can withstand all things.

I sat up until late that night, making a shroud for the dead boy, tears dropping often upon the shining needle as I sewed. Poor little children! Poor mothers! How many of you have husbands and fathers left to lean upon and look up to for protection? The cold grave covers to-night many a hand that labored for your support, many a brow that dropped sweat in its rude but honest and loving toil. Shall I turn my face away from you because some will smile in amusement or derision? Dare I close my eyes upon your grief because the garments are coarse you wear, and the voices rough and uncouth which sent the dear ones forth to the sacrifice for our country's sake? God forbid! It is but little that one weak woman can do; and yet all that lies within my power shall not be laid aside or passed over lightly; for "inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

So ran my thoughts as I sat alone, engaged in my sad task, until my husband came in and drew the finished shroud from my fingers, just as the clock struck twelve.

The following morning I rode out very early, and found a decided improvement in the patients, which encouraged me very much. The death of the child had been properly reported the night previous, and soon after my arrival two or three men were sent to bury it. No tears fell for the little form when it was carried out. No eyes followed it with the wistful tenderness of love, or the mournful outbreaking of sorrow. But, all unconscious of the broken link, the mother, brother and sisters lay there upon the floor, while the soldiers lifted the coffin and bore it thence, where they buried it among strangers, in an old graveyard, where the gray tombstones bore the traces of an hundred years on their defaced sides. Think of it, mothers, who wrap your tenderly nurtured children in quilts of silk and eider-down, fondle them with your kisses, and follow them to the cemetery with sobs and lamentation. Think of that unwept child—its lonely burial, and the condition of that mother who loved her darling with all the tenderness you could bestow upon your own children! I know very well that many will assert the impossibility of such people bestowing much affection upon their offspring. But never believe it! I am convinced that they err who think so. The love they manifest is certainly not so refined, but it is strong, and often touchingly tender and beautiful. One thing I have often observed that is, perhaps, worthy of remark—that is, a lack of demonstration among this class of people. They think it a great weakness to betray much tenderness of feeling, or much emotion in any way; but they are far from being devoid of those softer traits of character. But I think it requires a very close observer, a nice discriminator, to understand them. Else they are apt to be considered ungrateful. Kindnesses will be received silently, and labors for their comfort have apparently but little effect upon their minds. Often, indeed, there is not even so much as a rude "thank ye" bestowed—but they never forget. If, in any after time, they find it possible to do you a service, they are as faithful and earnest in doing it as your most devoted friend or follower could be. I cannot believe that any kindness is ever forgotten, or remembered without gratitude, however thanklessly, in outward seeming, it may be received.

For many days I watched over this poor family at the picket lines, until they began to recover—all except the eldest boy. There was no hope for him, and the week after my first visit he died. But the mother and daughters improved rapidly, and after a while could walk about the rooms with a dawning of hope upon their pale faces.

The noble-hearted physician who had attended them through their illness, had proved a great assistance to me in more ways than one during those trying days. Men from his corps of assistants at the hospital had been detailed to make bunks for the invalids, and by sewing wagon covers together, and filling them with husks, we succeeded in getting them off the hard floor and placing them in a much more comfortable position.

I could not spend so much of my time with them, however, after providing for their wants as far as lay in my power. Others, as badly in need of help, claimed my attention at every turn. There was no spot that I could turn my steps to and find them not.

The orderlies' quarters were filled with them—every vacant house and cellar, and all the out-houses in the town, were crowded with them. Provisions, unfortunately, just at that time, were scarce, and to get clothing was utterly impossible, except a few cast-off garments that I begged from the few loyal ladies of the town. Everything that could be spared from my husband's and my own wardrobes, as well as Mrs. Granville's, was used to clothe the little children until such a time as they could be sent North and properly provided for—a thing which could not be done until they recovered sufficiently to travel. In families of ten and fifteen members, scarcely one could be found well enough to wait upon the sick, and often not one. The most singular fatality seemed to attend them, and none escaped prostration by disease brought on by exposure, excitement and want.

Reader, if you are disposed to look upon this as an overdrawn picture, go to Memphis or Nashville where they come in by thousands, and note the condition of that most miserable class of beings called *Refugees*. All of the name have suffered, but none so much as those whose sentiments are loyal, and whose friends were in the Federal army. Over their poor defenceless heads, all the venom of the vilest of the confederacy, has gathered and burst in a storm that has swept away thousands of innocent lives. Oh, think of them thrown upon the cold world in their almost helpless ignorance—pity them and aid them! A thousand lives and more, that have been nobly yielded up in our defence upon the battle-field, sprang from this element of our social world. Shall the starving wives and mothers be allowed to look upon their squalid and innocent babes, and feel in the bitterness of hardly tried hearts that they were given in vain?

With a remembrance of the refugees and their sad condition, comes a pleasant thought of one who has done much to relieve their sufferings. This is General Dodge, who was placed in command of the Sixteenth Army Corps, the summer after the evacuation of Corinth. The refugees that were not sent north, were put in houses where their wants were well supplied, and a way opened to them for an independent support. They cultivated fine vegetable gardens, which yielded them the staple of subsistence for nearly a year, drawing upon the government only for bread, meat and coffee. Besides this, all the negroes, who could be counted by thousands, were taken about a mile from the town, and quartered in neat log cabins, built for the purpose. Large tracts of land were laid out for vegetable gardens, and faithfully attended by the women, while the men enlisted and "drilled," and the children went to school.

Such a complete and admirable system as was there established, could not fail to prove productive of much good. An officer was appointed to visit the quarters every day, and report any exceptions to perfect neatness, thus keeping at bay the fell diseases that must have spread like wild fire throughout the division otherwise.

Close by their quarters the negroes built their church, a structure indispensable to a negro's happiness. It was capable of containing two thousand persons, and consisted of simple poles driven upright into the ground, having a fork at the top, into which other poles were laid to form a sort of frame work. The green branches of trees served for a roof, laid so closely together as to form a secure protection from both sunshine and rain. The seats were of rude logs, split and hewn into long slabs, into which legs were driven; so benches were made, and the African church was finished.

On Sabbath mornings, from seven until eight o'clock, the little children met in all the glory of holiday attire, and sang their wild, sweet melodies in perfect concert. Every one knows the native musical talent of the African race, and the teachers had taken pains with these children in this respect. Little ones, who could not speak the words plainly, could yet carry the air with perfect ease and accuracy. I was often surprised and amused to see little babes, between three and four years old, perched upon the benches, and singing with all their souls!

Corinth is now a scene of indescribable desolation, abandoned by both friend and foe; but it is probable that those huts, evidences of a noble man's unobtrusive and yet benevolent deeds, may be found standing there twenty years hence, around which will cling memories of him, and his unyielding faithfulness to his suffering fellow-creatures.

☞ WHERE THE FASHIONS COME FROM.—A youngster and an old salt were conversing in an Eastern town. The boy was curious to know where all the fashions came from. "Why," said Jack, leisurely turning his quid, "from Portland, to be sure." "But where do the Portland folks get them?" "From Boston, I s'pose." "And where do the Boston folks get them?" "From New York, I reckon." "Well, but where do the New Yorkers get them?" Jack by this time was getting a little uneasy under this steady fire of the youngster, but he managed to reply, "From Paris, of course." Even this did not satisfy the questioner, who immediately asked: "But where do the Paris folks get them?" This was too much. Jack turned upon him, and giving his trowsers a hitch, exclaimed: "Why, *right straight from the devil.*"

☞ A fast young man, on his return from his first visit to the West, was glowingly describing the beauty of the situation and the fertility of the soil of a town where he had spent about two months. "How about the water, Gus?" asked an inquisitive friend. "I forgot to try it!" responded he.

☞ Alexander Dumas, the younger, with whom pulmonary consumption is the only female religion, has uttered a great many outrageous impertinences concerning women. "Heaven," he exclaims, "in its merciful providence, gave no beard to women because it knew that they could not hold their tongues long enough to be shaved." "For the sake of women," observed the same individual, "men dishonor themselves, kill themselves; and in the midst of this universal carnage, the creature who brings it to pass has only one thought in her mind, which is to decide whether she shall dress herself so as to look like an umbrella or like a dinner-bell."

☞ ANOTHER "FEMALE GENTLEMAN."—A correspondent writes:—"Miss Sallie M. Monroe, of New Berlin, Chenango county, N. Y., a practising physician of the hydropathic school, has permanently adopted the masculine attire—not merely bloomers, but the veritable dress of a gentleman, from hat to boots. So, the *ultima thule* of the dress reform has been reached at last! Miss Monroe, who makes a fine looking cavalier, either on horseback or on foot, usually wears a blue coat and buff waistcoat, with plain flat gilt buttons, blue trowsers, boots and hat, all good cut. She is a young lady of irreproachable character, skillful in her profession, brave, energetic, ambitious, and eminently self-reliant. She wears the masculine in preference to the feminine dress because she conceives the former to be better adapted to the active duties of her profession."—*Home Journal.*

☞ There lives in Canada an old Dutch woman, who received at her marriage, from her husband, a paper of pins. All of these, with the exception of one or two, she has preserved for thirty years, using them constantly all the while.

Pictures.

I.

A silver thread among the hills,
Gleaming down the hollows:
A babbling brook among the fells,
In sunny pools and shallows:
A broad stream flowing through the plain,
In the land of the fruitful West:
A river rolling to the main,
Bearing navies on its breast:
And the great broad sea with its thousand shores.

II.

An infant, with a tinkling toy,
In its mother's bosom fondled:
A chubby, bright-eyed, radiant boy,
On his father's proud knees dandled:
A youth in learning's eager chase,
While Truth's broad scroll's unfurl'd:
A man with anxious careworn face,
Bent 'neath the load of the world:
And Death's great sea with its silent shores.

J. K. B.

Interesting Correspondence.

The following is a copy of a correspondence which took place between the President and Lieutenant-General Grant, and may prove interesting, as it furnishes an inside view of military affairs:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, April 30, 1864.—Lieutenant-General Grant:—Not expecting to see you before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express, in this way, my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided, I know that these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there be anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you.

Yours, very truly, A. LINCOLN.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, CULPEPPER COURT HOUSE, VA., May 1.—The President:—Your very kind letter of yesterday is just received. The confidence you express for the future and satisfaction for the past, in my military administration, is acknowledged with pride. It shall be my earnest endeavor that you and the country shall not be disappointed. From my first entrance into the volunteer service of the country to the present day, I have never had cause of complaint, have never expressed or implied a complaint against the Administration, or the Secretary of War, for throwing any embarrassment in the way of my vigorously prosecuting what appeared to be my duty. Indeed, since the promotion which placed me in command of all the armies, and in view of the great responsibility and importance of success, I have been astonished at the readiness with which everything asked for has been yielded, without even an explanation being asked.

Should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you.

Very truly, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-General.

RECOGNITION OF INTEGRITY.—Among the houses which were compelled to succumb to the pressure of the financial crisis of 1857, was that of Messrs. Chas. W. Churchman & Co., whose liabilities amounted to nearly a quarter of a million of dollars. Since that period the members of that firm have been eminently successful, and have paid every dollar of their indebtedness, principal and interest. Among the heaviest creditors of the firm were Messrs. Geo. Peabody & Co., of London, who, as an evidence of their appreciation of the noble conduct of Mr. Churchman, as well as that of S. R. Shipley and S. H. Hazard, the junior partners of the firm, have presented each of these gentlemen, with a valuable service of silver plate, with an appropriate inscription. Two of the members of the Corn Exchange Association have recently followed Mr. C.'s example.—*Philadelphia Commercial List.*

BROWNLOW'S SONS.—Col. James P. Brownlow, a son of the brave Parson Brownlow, after fighting from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and even in the Stoneman raid, was sent back to Nashville to meet the Wheeler raid, where a ball passed through both thighs, as he sat in his saddle, making a desperate charge at the head of his gallant regiment. As we learn by a letter from Parson Brownlow to Mr. George Childs, of this city, the wound is very severe, but the colonel "is game to the last." This young officer entered the service in his 19th year as a private, and in the last two and a half years has been in seventy engagements. The Parson's other son led his regiment of cavalry in the Greenville fight, at which Morgan was killed by Andrew Campbell, a private of a Tennessee regiment.

THE PASSION FOR DISPLAY.—The world is crazy for show. There is not one person in a thousand who dares fall back on nothing but his real, simple self for power to get through the world, and extract enjoyment as he goes along. There is too much living in the eyes of other people. There is no end to the aping, the mimicry, the false airs, and the superficial arts. It requires rare courage, we admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in these times. Unless you consent to join in the general cheat, you are jostled out of reach. There is no room for you among the great mob of pretenders. If a man dares to live within his means, and is resolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded. There is something fresh in such an example.

☞ A HORRIBLE SUPPOSITION.—The Catskill Recorder relates the following:—"A few days since, we heard a little three-year-old speculating in gleeful anticipations of Christmas, but a slight shadow momentarily darkened her little brow as she thoughtfully propounded the inquiry, 'Mamma, mebbe Santa Claus was drafted!' A negative assurance, however, soon dispelled the cloud, and the pirouette of little white curls joyfully progressed."

☞ A DOCTOR'S REASON.—A practitioner being asked by his patients why he put so many ingredients into his prescriptions, is said to have answered more facetiously than philosophically, "in order that the disease may take which it likes best."

☞ THE PRETTIEST HOOD IN THE WORLD.—Childhood.

Are the Germans Wrong in Wanting our Bonds?

Not a bit of it! No shrewder, thriftier people, in matters of money, exist on earth. Our Jersey people and New England people are a frugal, industrious people, but they can't save money like the Germans. All Germany is a great savings bank. It is true that their workingmen are not so rich, on an average, as our workingmen, because they don't get more than one-quarter of the wages of our men. But a German can save money, and he knows when it is safe. Now these shrewd, thrifty Germans want our bonds. They want them by millions. They turn aside from the great beggars of the world in Europe, and come to us Republicans. They treat the notes of Napoleon and Joseph and Maximilian with indifference, but want to discount all the American notes they can get. The *London Times* says this is all wrong—that the Republicans in America are all bankrupt, and the Germans must be crazy to slight British and French beggars, and go begging themselves to America. Are they crazy? We asked *Poor Richard* what he thought about it. "Why," said he, "how can they be crazy, when they are doing just what I did a little more than a year ago, when I put my little savings into Government six per cents? Now see what I got by it; just count up. I have received six per cent. in gold, which averaged 100 per cent. in currency, making 12 per cent. income. Now, to-day, my bond is saleable in the New York market at 10 per cent. premium. Put these together, and to-day I have 22 per cent. for one year's use of my money! What do you think of that? You know, as well as I do, that there are thousands of people who did this, and to-day they have 22 per cent. on their investments. Why, I saw Miss Jones, our school-mam, go to the bank and buy a $500 bond. How she got the money I don't know, but these Yankee schoolmistresses are first-rate hands at taking care of themselves. Well, now, count up. If Miss Jones sells her bonds to-day she gets her $500 back safe, and she gets $110 clear gain. Can you sharp fellows down there in William street do any better? You know I told Mr. Smith, the banker, my ideas about that, and he bought $5,000 six per cent. bonds, and you see he got $1,100 for a year's use of his money. I met him the other day, and he said, 'Poor Richard, you are right; I begin to think, the Government can take care of itself, and us too. For my part, I mean to buy some of the 7.30s. The rate of interest is high enough, and in three years they will turn into six per cent. bonds again.' 'Yes, Mr. Smith, it *is right, on the country's side too.* Help your country, or it can't help you. Now, I say the Germans are not only right, but they would be right if they got half that interest. They cannot make a quarter of it at home." So thought Poor Richard, and so think we. When we think of the German opinion of our situation and our financial strength, we must remember that they are far better judges of our condition than we are, or our enemies are. They are lookers on, at a great distance. They have none of our enmities or prejudices. They can examine the facts disinterestedly. They do; and the result is a verdict that the American Government is stable—*its ability and integrity in meeting its financial engagements unquestionable.* This verdict, too, is founded on a series of facts which are unimpeachable, and well known to every intelligent American. Take two or three of the most important: 1. The United States doubles its population each twenty-five years. The population of the country, which in 1850 was *twenty-three millions*, will in 1875 be *forty-six millions.* But the rebellion! says some one. How much has the rebellion diminished the strength of the United States? Take this astonishing fact, that if all the Rebel States had been sunk in the Pacific Ocean, the United States would in 1875 have a population *equal to that of the whole* in 1860. In other words, *fifteen years* will supply the total loss of the eleven original Rebel States! What can impede the progress of such a country? 2. The wealth of the country increased 127 per cent. in ten years! Now let it increase but 80 from 1860 to 1870, and it will amount to ten times all the loans of the government. The German knows what he is about. He will get the *largest income from loans* in the world, on the *safest security.* No such opportunity has occurred before for the investment of money, and in all probability will never occur again. If the American does not know and take advantage of this, the German and Frenchman will.—*Ex.*

CANNOT GET MARRIED.—The heir-apparent of Russia, the future master of a realm of more than seven millions of square miles—an empire comprising one-seventh of the terrestrial part of the globe, and about one twenty-sixth part of its entire surface—*is in want of a wife*, and cannot find one. This astounding piece of news is going the round of the continental papers. Grand Duke Nicholas, heir-apparent of all the Russias, twenty-one years old, tall, good-looking, in splendid uniform, speaking five languages, and with all the accomplishments, is willing to wed, yet cannot get a wife. It is said that the Grand Duke Nicholas has only five royal princesses offered for his selection; and that, unfortunately, of these five high born ladies, he does not like three, and his imperial father does not like the other two. So that, in point of fact, the heir-expectant of one-seventh of the earth can get no wife at all.

MAKING LIQUOR SELLERS PAY FOR THEIR WORK.—A new liquor law, with some peculiar features, has been put in operation in California. It requires the proper court authorities to ascertain and record the cost to the people in every case where crime was caused by liquor. Once a year these costs are aggregated, and the sum assessed *pro rata* in the licenses issued to retailers by the county.

☞ IN A BAD FIX.—While a country parson was preaching, the chief of his parishioners, sitting near the pulpit; was fast asleep, whereupon he said, "Now, beloved friends, I am in a great strait, for if I speak too softly, those at the further end of church cannot hear me, and if I talk too loud I shall wake the chief man in the parish."

☞ Scene, an eating house.—Gent.—Say, waiter, you don't call this coffee, do you? Waiter.—We bought it for such, sir? Gent.—Well, tell your master that if he knew beans he wouldn't have bought such stuff as this for coffee.

☞ A painter who was well acquainted with the dire effects of law had to represent two men—one who had gained a lawsuit, and another who had lost one. He painted the former with a *shirt on*, and the latter *naked.*

A SINGULAR DISPENSATION OF PROVIDENCE.—The Chicago Journal says:—"Rev. Dr. Evarts, by way of illustrating the inscrutability of Divine Providence, related in his sermon last Sunday the following incident:—The spot in our lake can be pointed out to you where a young lieutenant of the United States Army was once well nigh drowned. He went down, as it was supposed, for the last time, when assistance reached him. He was rescued, and after much difficulty restored to consciousness. That young lieutenant is now the President of the insurgent Confederacy—Jefferson Davis."

☞ A ponderous gold guard chain has just been completed at a chain and jewelry manufactory in Springfield, for a man in New York, who has a fancy for "big things." It is four feet long, weighs a pound and a quarter, big enough to chain an ox with, and costs about $900. Rather loud, that!

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market continues depressed and dull. Sales comprise 14,000 bbls Flour at $10,75@11 for superfine; $11,25@11,50 for extras; $11,50@12,25 for extra family, and $12,50@13 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet; sales of the former at $10,25@10,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly, but Wheat meets with a limited demand; sales of 33,000 bus at 235@250 for old Pennsylvania reds; 250@258 for new do; 255@260 for Southern do, and 270@285c for Kentucky white. Rye is lower, and 2500 bus, mostly Southern, sold at 180@184c. Corn is unsettled and lower; some 25,000 bus found buyers at 172@169c for yellow, and 170@168c for Western mixed, afloat. Oats are plenty and lower; and about 25,000 bus sold at 90@85c for new, mostly at the lowest figure, afloat, and 83@84c for old.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of the Hog product continue very light. The market is firm at $42@44 for mess Pork, and @20@30 for western and city packed mess Beef. Bacon is selling at 20@25c for plain and fancy Hams, 21@22c for Shoulders, and 22@23c for Sides. Green Meats—Sales of 300,000 lbs salt Shoulders are reported at 19@20c, and Hams, in salt at 19½@21c. Lard is scarce at 24@25c for bbls and tierces. Butter sells slowly at 35@45c for fair to choice Pennsylvania and Ohio packed, and 50@55 for New York State, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is firm at 21@22c ₩ lb, as in quality. Eggs are more plenty at 27@28c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Nothing doing. Sales of a few small lots at $1,70@1,75 for Middling quality, cash.

BARK—Sales of 350 hhds Quercitron at $56½ for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark—sales at $14 for Hemlock, and $21 ₩ cord for Chestnut Oak.

BEESWAX is quoted at 29@30c.

COAL—The market continues dull and drooping; prices range at $10@11 ₩ ton free on board.

COFFEE—The week's sales reach 700 bags, mostly Rio, in small lots, at 42@46c, cash and on time.

COPPER is dull, and Yellow Metal quiet at 50c for sheets, and 54c for bolts, &c., on time.

FEATHERS are offered at 90@95c.

FRUIT—Green Fruit is arriving and selling freely; Peaches range at from 50c to $1,50 ₩ basket. Apples are plenty, and selling at from $1,50 to $2,50. Cranberries are beginning to arrive, and are worth $14 ₩ bbl.

HAY is selling at $30 ₩ ton.

HOPS are selling at 50@55c for new, and 35@38c ₩ lb for good old crop.

IRON—The market continues almost at a stand still, and prices nearly nominal at $65@72 for the three numbers of Anthracite Pig Metal, cash.

LUMBER—There is very little arriving or selling, and prices are unsettled.

PLASTER sells at $5,75 ₩ ton.

RICE—We quote at 15@15½c ₩ lb for Rangoon.

SEEDS—Cloverseed comes in slowly, and the dealers are paying $13@14 ₩ bushel. Timothy—Sales of 1,500 bushels, in lots, at $6,50@7,25 ₩ bushel. Flaxseed is selling at $3,60@3,65 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—The market is quiet. Whiskey is dull, and the sales are in a small way only at $1,54@1,56 for Pennsylvania and Ohio bbls.

SUGARS are 1@1c lower, some 300 to 300 hhds, mostly Cuba, having been disposed of at 20 to 22½c, cash and 4 months.

TALLOW—Sales at 18½@18½c for city.

WOOL—The market has been very quiet, a few small lots only having found buyers at 105@115c for fine and medium quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2600 head. The prices realized from $10 to 15 ₩ 100 lbs. 2400 Hogs at from $18,00 to 20,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—9500 head were disposed of at from 6 to 8½ cts ₩ lb. 125 Cows brought from $25 to 40 ₩ head.

THE REMARKABLE PROPERTIES of Brown's Bronchial Troches have been thoroughly tested since first introduced. The demand for them has steadily increased, and purely upon their own merits, they have found favor with those, who, from Pulmonary, Bronchial, or Asthmatic complaints require them. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Influenza, they are entirely efficacious, removing all obstructions, and increasing at once the power and flexibility of the voice.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of Sept., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH HUNDT, to Miss MATILDA STERR, both of this city.

On the 11th of Sept., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH M. BECHTER, to CHRISTIANNA A. MAKEMSON, both of this city.

On the 19th of Sept., by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr ROBERT KYLE, to Miss MARY E. CALDWELL, both of this city.

On the 5th of Sept., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. GEORGE C. ROSS, to Miss MARY A. E. BANKS, both of this city.

On the 15th of Sept., by the Rev. A. Johns, Mr. CHARLES H. PRATT, to Mrs. CORNELIA C. STACKHOUSE, both of Bristol, Bucks county, Pa.

On the 19th of Sept., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. WILLIAM WATTS, to Miss MARY SHERIDAN, both of this city.

On the 15th of Sept., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JOHN GILBERT, to Miss MARY A. CESTER, both of this city.

On the 22d of Aug., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. THOMAS JACKSON, U. S. Army, formerly of Toronto, Canada, to Miss ANNIE E. WILKINSON, formerly of England, now of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of Sept., JOSEPH C. COPPUCK, in his 65th year.

On the 21st of Sept., HANNAH A., wife of Wm. R. Hanson.

On the 20th of Sept., WILLIAM M. WEAD, aged 25 years.

On the 19th of Sept., CYRUS WILSON, in his 62d year.

On the 19th of Sept., PHINEAS ROWAN, in his 60th year.

On the 19th of Sept., Mrs. SARAH LOPER, aged 105 years.

On the 18th of Sept., ALFRED H. READ, in his 33d year.

On the 19th of Sept., JOSEPH R. MORT, in his 30th year.

On the 18th of Sept., JANE THOMAS, in her 71st year.

On the 17th of Sept., in the City of Washington, D. C., JOHN M. LUCAS, in his 40th year.

On the 16th of Sept., MARY ANN, wife of Abraham R. Harper.

EYRE & LANDELL OPEN TO-DAY NEW GOODS FOR FALL OF 1864.
5,000 New Shawls.
Richest New Silks.
Richest Figured Merinoes.
Novelties in Dress Goods.
New Goods Daily Opening. mar12-1y

☞ A SINGULAR CASE.—A soldier in Sherman's army with throat cut from ear to ear, was thought to be mortally wounded by a council of surgeons; but the one under whose immediate care he was, thought, as he was to die, he was justified in making an experiment for the good of others, at the same time having great hopes of saving the man. He first commenced his task by cutting through where the two upper ribs meet the sternum, and through this orifice for forty days this man has been fed five gallons of milk per week, and sometimes his appetite required five per day. He is fat and hearty, and the surgeon thinks in two weeks he will have him able, and the inside of his throat so nearly healed as to allow him to swallow by the natural passage. He at first introduced a stomach pump, and thus fed his patient, and after few hours would clear his stomach by the same means, thus producing artificial digestion, until it was no longer necessary. A silver tube is now used to feed him.

☞ One evening Douglas Jerrold was at a party where several other literary men and publishers were assembled, and the conversation turned upon epitaphs. Jerrold gave his opinion that an epitaph should not consist of more than one or two words, including the name. When the laugh had subsided, for no one dreamed that he was in earnest, Charles Knight, who was present, handed a piece of paper and a pencil to Jerrold, and begged him to write his (Knight's) epitaph. Jerrold took the paper and instantly wrote down two simple words: "Good night!"

☞ It is curious to see how our blue-stockings seize upon "apt alliteration's artful aid." Thus we are favored with the incubrations of Fanny Fern, Jennie June, and Violet Vane, and we know not how many more. To the next authoress we would suggest the *nom de plume* of Hannah Honeysuckle, as at once pretty, fragrant and suggestive. But we trust no young man will follow their example in this instance. It would be truly painful to be compelled to read a tirade against old maids from the pen of Horatio Hollyhock, Bartholomew Buttercup, or John January.

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA, PHILADELPHIA.—Session of 1864-5 begins OCTOBER 10.
FACULTY.—C. Hering, M. D.; Ad. Lippe, M. D.; H. N. Guernsey, M. D.; C. G. Raue, M. D.; G. H. Starkey, M. D.; F. Wilson, M. D.; G. Heerman, M. D.; Prof Stephens.
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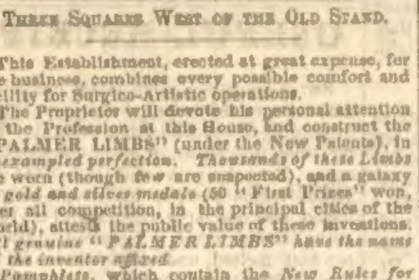

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The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum,—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000 and $5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

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TO THE DISEASED.

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In announcing to the public a discovery so intimately connected with the well-being of our race, it may be deemed proper to make a few prefatory remarks to prepare the mind of the reader for the reception of evidences and facts too incredible for belief.
This discovery is the result of more than ten years' hard and scientific investigations. It develops not only a reliable system for the diagnosis of disease, but the only efficient and reliable means of cure. Its great superiority over all other systems for the cure of disease has been practically tested for more than ten years, and for five years in Philadelphia, where twelve thousand invalids have been treated, suffering from almost every form and condition of disease common to all sections of our country, who, after treatment by the most eminent medical men in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, and other cities, had been given up as incurable; and in nearly every case a perfect cure had been effected.
Many of the most obstinate of the above cases treated have been warranted by special contract, and not a failure has been made in any warranted case. As indubitable evidence of the foregoing statement, we have adduced in the following advertisement testimonials from citizens of Philadelphia, who had suffered from a complication of diseases for four, ten, and even thirty years, and had availed themselves of the best medical skill in this and other cities, and were given up as incurable, but afterwards were fully restored to health by a few applications of Electricity.
We are curing, and further pledge ourselves to cure, a certain class of diseases acknowledged to be incurable by any known process of medication—diseases that never have, nor never can be controlled, only by this mode of applying the various modifications of Electricity.
We are often asked for what diseases is Electricity best adapted? In reply, we would say, for all diseases to which flesh is heir—acute or chronic, inflammatory or paralytic. In all cases where medicine is beneficial, and in all cases beyond the influence and control of medicine. Electricity has the power of arousing the vital force by changing its polarities, thereby regulating secretion, excretion, digestion, and circulation, and bringing the system back to a condition of harmony and health.
Thousands of the most reliable individuals in this city who have been treated at No. 1220 Walnut street can and will vouch for the above statement of *facts* in their own astonishing cures. We verily believe that we have cured more obstinate diseases during the five years of our practice in the city of Philadelphia than all the medical men that have ever practised in this city, either allopathically, homœopathically, or by any other pathy. This assertion may look like boasting, but it is true, every word of it, for who ever heard of such astonishing cures!
Who shall properly estimate the inestimable blessing thus so speedily conferred on suffering humanity, when, instead of being drugged for months, and thrown on beds of languishing, health is restored by this treatment, in many cases almost instantaneously? In conclusion, we would say, for the encouragement of the dyspeptic, neuralgic, consumptive, rheumatic, paralytic, epileptic, and, in fine, all those on whom medical treatment ever did and ever will prove a total failure, that there is still hope in your case, and a fair chance for your recovery, at No. 1220 WALNUT Street.

ASTONISHING RESULTS.

The following report is not the result of hearsay, or far-off certificates, or reports of men of doubtful veracity, but from reliable business and professional men in our very midst, whose report was arrived at after weeks of careful investigation, at 1220 WALNUT Street.
FROM A FEW RELIABLE MEN IN PHILADA.
We, the undersigned, having been treated for obstinate diseases at No. 1220 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia, which had resisted for a long time the treatment of the most eminent medical men in this city; and, also, having witnessed the results of his treatment on a great number of our acquaintances and friends, for acute and chronic diseases, do therefore take great pleasure in recommending to the public this important discovery.
He has been located five years at No. 1220 WALNUT Street, testing his treatment on many thousands of our most reliable citizens by his new discovery of applying Galvanism, Magnetism, and other modifications of Electricity, and, having watched his success in the speedy and permanent cures of hundreds of our friends, as well as ourselves, and, especially, that class of diseases never benefited by medicines; therefore,
Resolved, That we, the undersigned, regard the great success we have witnessed for months in the treatment of Consumption, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Insanity, Diabetes, Bronchitis, all Nervous Diseases, Catarrh, Amaurosis, Aphonia, Asthma, Ague Chills, Contraction of Limbs, St Vitus' Dance, Coldness of Feet, Hands, or Head; Deafness, Dyspepsia, all forms; Epilepsy, Hemorrhage, White Swelling, Mental Depression, Neuralgia, Withered Limbs, Convulsions, Palpitation of the Heart, and Lockjaw, as indubitable evidence of the scientific application of Electricity for the speedy cure of all curable diseases.
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N. B.—We take pleasure in referring the sick to the above names, and the following, whose certificates have been or will be given in full for the good of humanity.
Judah Levy, Bronchial Consumption, No. 914 South Front street; Edward T. Evans, preacher of the M. E. Church, Dyspepsia of long standing, Laryngitis, and Lumbago, No. 1631 Helmuth street; Wm. H. Shaine, Paralysis of lower limbs, Paraplegy, and Epilepsy, publisher of the *National Merchant*, No. 126 South Second street; Thos. Owens, Congestion of the Brain, and severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, and Diabetes, American Hotel, Philada.; James Nugent, Deafness for six years, and ringing and roaring in the head, Fifteenth and Bedford sts.; Wm. Morgan, General Debility, 401 Spruce street; Thos. Harrop, severe Diabetes, Rose Mills, West Philada.; Geo. Grant, Rheumatic Gout, long standing, No. 610 Chestnut street; H. T. Deliver, Chronic Neuralgia and Inflammatory Rheumatism, No. 1736 Chestnut street; O. H. Carmick, Chronic Dyspepsia and Inflammation of the Kidneys, Chestnut and Fortieth streets; Geo. W. Freed, Epilepsy, No. 1402 North Thirteenth street; Antaony Carney, Consumption, No. 1217 Market street; Edward McMahon, Consumption, No 1227 Front street; Charles H. Grigg, Dyspepsia and Constipation, Tenth and Arch streets; J. Rickel, Chronic Bronchitis, Constipation, and Congestion of the Brain, No. 518 Callowhill st.; Rev. J. Mallory, Aphonia, Philadelphia.
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Mrs. Fulton, a lady of great experience and ability, will have entire charge of treating in the ladies department.
Consultation free.
Address all business communications to Dr. W. B. BROWN, 1220 WALNUT St. Philadelphia.
oct1-8t

WIT AND HUMOR.

Sayings of Josh Billings.

It iz highly important that when a man makes up hiz mind tew bekum a raskal, that he should examine hizself clusly, and see if he aint better konstrukted for a phool.

I argy in this way, if a man iz right, he kant be too radikal, if he iz rong, he kant be too konsarvatiff.

When you pra, pra right at the bulls eye.

"Tell the truth, and shame the Devil;" i kno lots ov people, who kan shame the devil eazy enuff, but the tother thing bothers them.

It iz a verry delikate job, tew forgive a man, without lowering him in hiz own estimashun, and yures too.

Az a gineral thing, when a woman wares the britches, she haz a good rite tew them.

It iz admitted now bi evryboddy, that the man, who kan git fat on berlony sassage, haz got a good deal of dorg in him.

I am poor, and i am glad that i am, for i find that wealth makes more people mean, than it does generous.

Wooman's influoenze iz powerful—espeshila when she wants ennything.

Sticking up yure noze don't prove ennything, for a sope biler, when he iz away from hiz hum, smells evrything.

No man lurs tew git beat, but it iz better tew git beat, than tew be rong.

Awl kind ov bores are a nusance, but it iz better tew be bored with a 2-inch orger, than a gimblet.

It iz eed "that a hoss don't know hiz strength" —and i don't really suppose that a skunk does nuther.

"Be sure you are rite then go ahed;" but in kase uv dout go ahed enny wa.

Sekts and creeds ov religion, are like pocket compesses, good enuff tew pints out the direcshun, but the nearer the pole yu git, the wuss tha wurk.

Men aint apt tew git kicked out ov good society for being ritch.

The rode tew Ruin, iz alwus kept in good repair, and the travellers pa the expense ov it.

If a man begins life bi being a fust Lutenant in hiz familee, he need never tew look for promoshun.

The onla proffit thare is in keeping more than one dorg, is what you kan make on the board.

I havn't got as mutch munny az sum folks, but I hav got as much impudence az enny ov them, and that iz the next thing tew munny.

It aint often that a man's reputashunt outlasts his munny.

Don't mistake arroganse for wisdom; memy people hav thought they wuz wize, when tha was onla windy.

The man who kant git ahed, without pulling others back, iz a limited cuss.

Woman will sumtimes confess her sins, but i never knu one tew confess her faults.

Oh! what a wurld this iz tew liv in, for the soul that is afrade ov dirt and deviltree.

Young man, study Defference; it iz the best card in the pack.

Honesta iz the poor man's pork, and the rich man's pudding.

Thare iz a luxury in sumtimes feeling lonesum.

Thare is onla one advantage, that i kan see, in going tew the Devil, and that iz, the rode iz eazy, and yu are sure to git there.

Lastly—I am violently opposed tew ardent speerits as a bevridge, but for manufakturing purposes, i think a leetle ov it tastes good.—*Troy News.*

Just Hover in the Hafrica.

Two newly arrived imported Englishmen just off the steamer, strolled into the restaurant attached to the Tremont house the other day, and after a wondering stare at the long row of individuals, each busily and silently engaged in bolting their allowance of food in the shortest possible time, climbed up on two of the stools, and hesitatingly ordered: "A chop and some hale." While the agile William was ordering their meal, the attention of one of the Bulls was attracted to a dish unknown to him, but of which his neighbors were partaking with great gusto. Carefully waiting until the man next him grunted, "'Nother ear o' corn," he nudged his brother Bull with—"'Enry, there's an H'american wegetable that we don't 'ave at 'ome. Let's 'ave some," and accordingly ordered: "Haw! waiter, h'ear o' corn." The corn (a dish unknown in England) was brought smoking hot, and Bull passed it to his countryman, who, observing the manner of his neighbors, sliced it down with his knife, and tasted it with an approving wink. "Good?" asked Bull No. 1. "Werry," said No. 2, adding, with true British economy, "'ere's enough for both of us," passed the cob to his companion, who gravely sliced it after the manner of a cucumber, and after seasoning it *commenced eating the sliced cob.* He got through two or three slices with some difficulty, and to the huge delight of a small boy with a cropped head behind the bar, and then turning to his companion, ejaculated: "My hyes, 'Enry, hif this is a sample hof Hamerican wegetables, their stomachs must be hiron plated like their bloody ships." An unctious grin slid over the faces of the witnesses, and William turned fiercely on the small boy and ordered him to make change at the other end of the counter.

The End of the War.

We are asked fifty times a day, more or less, when we think the war will end. As we have no right to think, in the absence of data to think upon, we are sometimes at a loss for an answer. However, for the information of those who are particularly inquisitive and anxious upon the subject, we will relate a dream that a friend of ours had upon the duration of the war, which may throw some light upon the subject. He dreamed that he awoke from a sleep of fifty years, and found himself upon the south bank of the Rapidan. He saw a little distance from the spot where he awoke a Corporal with seventeen men and a wheelbarrow. He approached, and asked the Corporal what the little gathering meant. "This," replied the Corporal, "is the Army of Northern Virginia." "Where are the Yankees?" inquired our friend. "They are on the other side of the river," replied the Corporal. "They have the advantage of us in numbers and transportation, as they have twenty-one men and two wheelbarrows; but we expect to get the advantage in position, will whip them, and then the war will end." As this is the best information we have about the probable duration of the war, we give it free gratis for nothing at all.—*Southern paper.*

A SEA-SHORE SCENE.

Mrs. T———. "What a wretch you must be, T———; why don't you take me off? Don't you see I'm overtook with the tide, and I shall be drownded?"

T———. "Well, then—will you promise not to kick up such a row when I stop out late of a Saturday?"

A Dark and Gloomy Bridal.

We have heard of some dark scenes, but rarely encountered anything so utterly deficient in sunshine and whitewash as the following. It reads like a yard of crape:—

Gloom was on her countenance and upon his. The man whose holy office it was to unite them in bonds, never to be torn asunder, stood like an executioner before the bride and the bridegroom, and they—the pair waiting to be blessed—bent down their heads like criminals before him. In vain might the eye wander about the assembly in search of sunshine upon a single countenance; all was dreary black—and assistants as well as attendants at the ceremony, where alike shrouded in one dark, overshadowing pall of rayless gloom. Ah! joyful should ever be the linking of young hearts together; and terrible must be the feelings of those around whom the shadows of fate are gathering, even at the threshold, which should blaze in all their gorgeous coloring of hope and promise. Yet the same sombre shade, the same gloom of hue, the depth of darkness, was seated upon every feature. No sudden blushing of the rose, no swift succeeding of the lily, no fitful changes telling of youthful passion, and warm, bright hope, were seen on that bride's cheek; but one unvarying shade of funeral possessed the groom, possessed the preacher—in fact, they were all possessed. Reader, they were intelligent contrabands.

When Will they Meet?—There is a curious duel now pending in Boston which began ten years ago. Mr. A———, a bachelor, challenged Mr. B———, a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal—that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other, and he declined. A year afterward he received a challenge from Mr. A———, who stated that he too had now a wife and child, and he supposed therefore the objection of Mr. B——— was no longer valid. Mr. B——— replied that he now had two children—consequently the inequality still subsisted. The next year Mr. A——— renewed his challenge, having now two children also; but his adversary had three. The matter when last heard from was still going on, the numbers being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed.

Sensible Old Lady.—A deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor, was being examined, when the Judge suggested a compromise, and instructed counsel to ask what she would take to settle the matter. "What will you take?" asked the counsel of the old lady. She shook her head at the counsel, informing the jury, in confidence, that she was "very hard o' hearin'." "His Honor wants to know what you will take?" asked the learned counsel again, this time bawling as loud as he could in the old lady's ear.

"I thank his Honor kindly," said the ancient dame, "and if it's no inconwenience to hira, I'll take a little warm ale."

Women Killed with Care.—Every woman must have a best parlor, with hair-cloth furniture, and a photographic book; she most have a piano, or some other cheaper substitute; her little girls must have embroidered skirts, and much mathematical knowledge; her husband must have two or three meals every day of his life; and yet her house must be in perfect order early in the afternoon, and she prepared to go out and pay calls, with a black silk dress, and card-case. In the evening she will go to a concert or lecture, and then, at the end of all, she will very possibly set up after midnight with her sewing-machine, doing extra work to pay for little Ella's music lessons. All this every "capable" woman will do or die! She does it, and dies, and then we are astonished that her vital energy gives out sooner than that of an Irish woman in a shanty, with no ambition on earth but to supply her young Patricks with adequate potatoes.—*T. W. Higginson.*

☞ "What part of speech is man?" said a pedagogue to a sailor boy pupil. "A verb, sir," replied the latter. "A verb, is it?" said the teacher, with a significant twist of his lips; yards!" "please give an example." "Man the was little tarpaulin's instant response.

☞ An intelligent farmer being asked if his horses were well matched, replied, "Yes, they are matched first rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

☞ Every anniversary of a birthday is the dispelling of a dream.

The Wonders of the Brain.—One of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain is, that the organ of sensation should in itself be insensible. To cut the brain gives no pain, yet in the brain alone resides the power of feeling pain in any part of the body. If the nerve which leads from it to the injured part be divided, it becomes instantly unconscious of suffering. It is only by communication with the brain that any kind of sensation is produced, yet the organ itself is insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful still; the brain itself may be removed—may be cut away down the *corpus calosum*—without destroying life. The animal lives, and performs all its functions which are necessary to simple vitality, but no longer has a mind; it cannot think or feel. It requires that the food should be pushed into the stomach; once there it is digested, and the animal will live and grow fat.

☞ The question was recently proposed to a "down East" editor: Are hoop-skirts dangerous? He immediately answered that they are always very dangerous when they have anything in them!

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Swiss Cake.—Having lately met with a very nice cake, called Swiss cake, I have the pleasure of sending the receipt for making it: Take butter, flour and sugar, of each the weight of four eggs. Beat the yolks with the sugar and some grated lemon peel, or ten drops of essence of lemon, and one large teaspoonful of rose-water, orange-flower water, if preferred. Add the butter just melted, and slowly shake in the flour, beating it until well mixed. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, mix the whole together, and beat on for a few minutes after the whites are added. Butter a tin and bake the cake half an hour.—*Housekeeper.*

How to Preserve a Bouquet.—When you receive a bouquet, sprinkle it lightly with fresh water; then put it into a vessel containing some soap suds; this will nutrify the earth and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning and lay it sideways (the stock entering first) into clean water, keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water; replace it in the soap suds, and it will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soap suds need changing every three or four days. By observing these rules a bouquet may be kept bright and beautiful for at least a month, and will last still longer in a very passable state, but attention to the fair, frail creatures, as directed above, must be strictly observed, or all will perish.

To Preserve Flowers in Form and Color.—The Ohio Farmer has the following directions upon this subject:—"Procure a quantity of fine sand and wash it until it is entirely free from all dirt, and the water comes from it clear. Then with a fine sieve sift from it all the particles. It should then be sifted with a course sieve, taking from it all the course particles. The sand now, being perfectly dry, is ready for use. Place it in a dish, which should correspond in depth with the length of the flower-stems which are to be used for drying. The flowers, when picked, should be perfectly dry or exempt from rain or dew. Insert the flower-stems in the sand to the base of the flowers. Then with a steady hand sprinkle the sand evenly over the flowers until they are completely imbedded. Place them in a very dry place, either near the fire or in the sun, and let them remain several days. When perfectly dry the sand may be poured off. Double flowers, with stiff petals, are most easily preserved, but most varieties will repay the little trouble and care required by this simple process."

To Boil a Ham.—Soak, according to its age, twelve to twenty-four hours. Have it more than covered with cold water, and let it simmer two or three hours, and then boil an hour and a half or two hours; skim it carefully. When done, take it up and skin it neatly; dress it with cloves and spots of pepper laid on accurately. You may cut writing or tissue paper in fringe, and twist around the shank bone if you like. It should be cut past the centre, nearest the hock, in very thin slices.

Cure for a Sting.—The sting of a bee may be cured by pressing a watch-key hard on the place after removing the sting; this prevents the poison from spreading; then apply moist snuff or tobacco, rubbing it well in, and in five minutes all pain will be gone. This is a never-failing remedy.

AGRICULTURAL.

One Hundred Bushels of Corn Per Acre.

We have had occasion to examine a great many good cornfields in different years, and the practice adopted in obtaining the crops. We are satisfied that those good farmers who raise from sixty to eighty bushels of shelled corn per acre, (and there are many such,) do not get enough, or so much as they might under the best management. We allude, of course, to those regions of country whose strong, warm and fertile soils are well adapted to this crop. By the following mode of management we are satisfied that one hundred bushels per acre, as an average, might be obtained in many places:—

First, procure the best seed and keep it so by constantly selecting the finest ears from the best stalks. If a small variety, it must be planted thicker than for a large one—that is, the number of stalks on an acre must correspond with the character of the variety. We have known many instances where a small early sort has been rejected as worthless, because it was planted too thin; and, on the other hand, some large sorts have succeeded imperfectly by being planted too densely.

Second, the soil. It is premised that this is sufficiently drained to become warmed early in the season, and to admit of free and friable working. We will suppose that it is pasture. Spread broadcast during the autumn all the course and other manure that can be obtained, enough to give it some thirty or forty loads per acre; but if sufficient cannot be had, complete the amount by drawing out and spreading during winter fresh manure from the stable as fast as it accumulates. The rains and melting snows which occur by the approach of warm weather the following spring, will dissolve the best parts of the manure, and carry them down along the grass roots, depositing them in the soil in a more complete degree of intermixture with its particles than could ever be accomplished by the use of the finest harrow.

Third. In the spring, a short time before planting, invert the sod to a moderate depth, and pulverize its upper surface by means of a Shares' Harrow, which prevents the sod from being torn up, at the same time that the mellowing process is twice as deep as with a common harrow. Before using this harrow, unless the soil has already been made very rich, spread over the surface of the inverted sod about ten loads per acre of short or old manure or compost. The harrow will work it well in, and it will not only accelerate the growth of the young plants, but tend to keep the top-soil mellow and prevent crusting. Drop a handful of fine manure in each hill at planting.

Fourth, plant the corn. If planted in drills, (everything else being well done,) the crop will be one-third to one-fourth greater than if planted in hills forming rows each way, because the stalks will be more evenly distributed, which always contributes to the largest crop. A good drill corn-planter will do this work rapidly, and so straight that the cultivator may be run very close to the rows; and if the land has been kept clean, but little hand-hoeing will be necessary. Next to drills, the practice of planting in hills close in the row, (as, for instance, by means of Billings' Corn-Planter,) will be found best; and lastly, planting in hills forming rows both ways, although the latter will not yield so much corn, yet the saving of labor which it will effect on land infested with weeds may more than counterbalance the increased amount of the crop obtained from drills; but in order that the stalks may be as evenly distributed as possible, the hills should be as near together as practicable to allow the cultivator to pass, and leaving fewer stalks in the hill. If, for example, the distance each way is only three feet apart, four stalks may be enough for small Northern corn, and two stalks for Gourd or Dent corn. It is always best to plant plenty of seed, and thin out regularly when necessary. A few years' practice will enable any good farmer to admit every ear to fill well.

Fifth. Now comes a most important part—namely, the cultivation. Keep the horse passing between the rows every week, from the time that the corn is fairly above the surface until it becomes so large as to close up the rows. Actual experiment has shown that this constant mellowing and breaking of the crust adds several bushels per acre to the crop.

If these directions are faithfully carried out, and the work is all done in the proper season, we shall feel much disappointed if our best farmers in good corn-growing regions do not obtain an average of one hundred bushels of shelled corn to the acre; and if they do not find, by keeping a careful account, that they obtain a greater net profit than when only fifty bushels to the acre are obtained. At least, the experiment is worth trying, and certainly cannot result in any great disaster.—*Country Gentleman.*

Food for the Garden.

Flowers are gross feeders, and if you keep no domestic animals, you fancy, perhaps, that you have no manure. You never were more mistaken. Every human dwelling is a centre of fertilizing agents, mostly wasted as times go, rich enough to make the whole plot around it blossom as the rose. Tell the soil that you have nothing to give it? Give it what you have and it will laugh in your face. The suds from the laundry is a store of liquid wealth. Never waste a drop of it in drains or sewers. It is a floating currency promising to pay roundly in grass and vegetables and fruit. Invest it in your home bank, which never suspends payment. These grassy slopes are greenbacks, whose issue is as good as gold. Carpet sweepings are manure in a concentrated form. Dug into your flower borders they weave a richer pattern than the one from which they were worn. Those old bones that deform the premises, if buried beneath the grape vine, will be "health to the bones" of all your friends. Old boots and shoes, those most unsightly wrecks, are the favorite food of the raspberry and all its palatable kin. Tainted brine, if such unhappily is yours, is a treasure for the plum trees and the asparagus bed; slacken lime with it, and it will make a rich dressing for any garden soil. Every household should have its compost bed, be it only an old packing box, where woolen rags, bits of paper, apple parings, refuse of vegetables, slops from the kitchen, chips and saw-dust are storing up the elements of a glorious growth. Let not yours be one of the homes where all these bright possibilities arrive only at "burning instead of beauty." We have named but a part of the fertilizers of every household. Generally speaking, whatever is offensive to the sight or smell is urging the appeal to our revolted tastes—Bury me, and I'll do you good.—*Springfield Repub.*

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 1, 2, 10, 23, is a chamber fellow.
My 11, 21, 22, 12, 16, 22, means having frequent and short turns.
My 9, 10, 4, 8, 7, is not worth much when empty.
My 25, 5, 18, 6, 19, 20, means to make gloomy.
My 15, 14, 13, 18, means to give for a price.
My 4, 3, 17, is a verb in a past tense.
My 24 is a vowel.
My whole is three things that I like.

Millwood Farm, Pa. FLORENCE.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1st is in hand, but not in foot.
My 2d is in fire, but not in soot.
My 3d is in tune, but not in song.
My 4th is in strength, but not in strong.
My 5th is in moon, but not in sun.
My 6th is in walk, but not in run.
My 7th is in sickness, but not in health.
My 8th is in motion, but not in stealth.
My 9th is in war, but not in strife.
My 10th is in drum, but not in fife.
My 11th is in night, but not in morn.
My 12th is in birth, but not in born.
My 13th is in strand, but not in coast.
My whole is a writer for the Post.

Forest, Ohio. M. R. TRISSLER.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a preposition.
My second is a district.
Lop off my first, and omit the last letter of my second, and I tell of that which now saddens many hearts.
My whole is a word which at this time rings with electric force along the Union lines.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a delicious fish, inhabiting deep lakes in mountainous regions.
My second is an auxiliary.
My whole you often see in black and white, and perchance I am not far distant even now.

Cincinnati, Ohio. JOSEPH S. ROSE, Jr.

Land Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An oblong square or parallelogram, with a diagonal run across the same from the first to the third corner, and from this diagonal, at right angles with the same, two straight lines are run out, in opposite directions, the one to the second and the other to the fourth corner, represents in a diagram J. Bowles' lands. Thus dividing it in 4 right-angled triangles, whose 4 longest sides are the 4 sides of the whole tract, I suppose it is plain that thus triangles Nos. 1 and 3 will contain more area than triangles Nos. 2 and 4. Now if the first and third thus formed right-angled triangles join each other in the middle of the tract, on the diagonal, for the distance of 41 perches, and the whole area of the tract contains 2,207 acres and 100 perches, what is the length and breadth of said tract of land?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To find four numbers such that if the cubes of their sum be subtracted from each, the remainder shall be cubes. DAVID S. HART.

Stonington, Ct.

☞ Artemas Martin please answer.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The boiling point of water on a high hill is 204 deg., and temperature of the air 76 deg.; required, the altitude of the hill above the level of the sea. S. G. CAGROIN.

Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a drunkard like a hot-house? Ans.—Because he has so many glasses over and above.

☞ Why is a man in a passion like 59½ minutes past 12? Ans.—Because he is just going to strike one.

☞ Why is a stove like an old smoker? Ans.—Because it cannot do without a pipe.

☞ Why are pretty girls like oatmeal cakes? Ans.—Because they give the heartburn.

☞ When is beer not beer? Ans.—When it is a little tart.

Answers to Last.

CHARADE—Barbecue (Bar, Bee, Cue.)—CHARADE—Paper (Pay-purr.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA—"I am the Lord, I change not." Malachi iii. 6.

1. I ttai,	- -	2 Sam. xv. 21.
2. A himaaz,	- -	2 Sam. xviii. 19.
3. M erodach baladan,	-	Isa. xxxix. 1.
4. T obiah,	- -	Neh. vi. 19.
5. H adad,	- -	1 Kings xi. 17.
6. E lijah,	- -	1 Kings xxi. 20.
7. L ehi,	- -	Judges xv. 19.
8. O badiah,	- -	1 Kings xviii. 13.
9. R ephidim,	- -	Exod. xvii. 8.
10. D oeg,	- -	1 Sam. xxii. 18.
11. I thamar,	- -	Numb. iv. 28.
12. C ozbi,	- -	Numb. xxv. 15.
13. H anun,	- -	1 Chron. xix. 4.
14. A doni-bezek,	- -	Judges i. 7.
15. N adab,	- -	1 Kings xiv. 20.
16. G ehazi,	- -	2 Kings v. 28.
17. E liezer,	- -	Gen. xxiv. 4.
18. N eeliah,	- -	Neh. vi. 14.
19. O rpah,	- -	Ruth i. 14.
20. T oi,	- -	2 Sam. viii. 10.

The correct answer to my MAGIC SQUARE published July 23d, is as follows:—

8	10	15	1
11	5	4	14
2	16	9	7
13	3	6	12

☞ To convert an artless woman into a heartless one, there only wants a "he!"